THE NAPANEE EXPRESS

Historical Society

Vol. LXVI No 4 — E J. POLLARD, Editor and Proprietor. — $1.50 per year in advance

NAPANEE, ONTARIO, CANADA—TUESDAY, DECEMBER 21st, 1926.

Christmas 1926

Head Office Montreal

THE President, Directors and Officers extend to the Customers and Friends of the Bank their Best Wishes for a Happy Christmas and a Prosperous New Year.

The Royal Bank of Canada

FOR SALE—Chevrolet Touring Car in first class condition. E. L. BEDORE. 25

LOST—Between Roblin's Hill and Morven, black club bag, containing a Webster's International Dictionary and an account book. Will finder leave same at this office and receive reward. 2

FOR SALE—One hundred acre farm, five miles from Picton on county road, close to church, school and cheese factory. Good buildings, good land, spring watered pasture, about six acres of wood. Price reasonable. Apply to IRVIN UNGER, Elmbrook, Ont. 45-tf

CREAM WANTED—Mr. Farmer! Ship your Cream to the Bowes Company, Toronto, and secure the highest prices being paid. We supply cans on request. We pay charges f.o.b. shipping point. We remit promptly for each shipment. Give us a trial. Why sell the whole milk when you can realize as much for the fat and have the skim milk for feeding at home. Think it over and write us for cans.

Surveying and Engineering

T. H. WIGGINS, O.L.S.

Ontario Land Surveyor. Municipal Engineering. Drainage Engineering. Subdivisions, Plans, Etc.

NAPANEE, ONT.

Phone 385. Box 139.

15tf

INSURANCE

For Fire Insurance try ALFRED McCUTCHEON, Roblin.

A number of companies to choose from.

Office: Residence, Roblin, Main Street. 27-tf

FRED RUSSELL

Dealer in HAY AND GRAIN

East Street, Napanee

'Phone 406

DOXSEE & CO.

Xmas Gifts

We make a special display of Ladies' Silk Lingerie, Bloomers, Step-ins, Vests, Slips, Combination or Brassiere and Bloomers in all the light shades, including black.

SCARFS

A choice collection in Crepe de Chene and Georgette.

Prices Moderate

HANDKERCHIEFS

Crepe de Chine, Georgette and Argandy, beautiful designs, hand-painted and cut work.

Prices 25c., 50c., 75c., 90c.

NOVELTIES

Powder Puffs, Fancy Ribbon and Lace Trimmed Garters, French Dolls, Sachets, etc.

FLOWERS

Hand made, in Velvet, Metal, Silk and Crepe, in all the light shades, suitable for coats, furs and dresses.

The Leading Millinery House

Men's and Boys'

SUITS and OVERCOATS

Clearing at a Discount of

20%

Women's Four Buckle Goloshes $2.95

W. W. ADAMS

Merchant Tailor. Men's and Boys' Wear

Newburgh, - Ont.

WANTED—Office desk and office safe. Apply EXPRESS PRINTING HOUSE.

FOR SALE—Horse and single set of harness. Apply G. VINCENT, Carter, Napanee.

FOR SALE—Barrels suitable for packing pork. Apply DOUGLAS & CO., Dundas street. 51

WANTED—To hear from owner Farm for Sale. State cash price. D. F. BUSH, Minneapolis, Minn. 4-c

FOR SALE OR TO LET—Modern new home on Alma Ave., 4 rooms and bath, electric light, etc. Apply ARTHUR CLARK. 46

FOR SALE—Two storey brick dwelling, modern conveniences, newly decorated, garage. Apply to U. M. WILSON, Solmar, Napanee, Ontario. 27-tf

FOUND—In front of Royal Bank, Bank, Napanee, Jackets. Owner may have same by calling at the Napanee Express Office and paying for this ad.

FOR SALE OR RENT—A very commodious house and lot with all modern conveniences, situate in South Napanee. Apply to T. B. GERMAN. 41

FOR SALE OR TO LET—In Adolphustown, 200 acres more or less. Possession December 1st. Privilege to plow after this harvest. Apply U. M. WILSON Napanee. 37

ALWAYS a number of farms and houses in town for sale. Owners may also list property for sale at low terms. No sale, no charge. T. B. GERMAN, Barrister, Napanee, Ont. 6-tf

FOR SALE—Southeast quarter of Lot Number eight, in the fourth concession of Richmond, owned by Percy Snyder, 50 acres, Known as part Nelson Russell Farm. Apply to T. GERMAN, Napanee, Ont. 48

NOMINATION MEETING

Notice is hereby given that a meeting of the electors of the Town of Napanee will be held at the Town Hall, Napanee, on

MONDAY, DEC. 27th, 1926

Between the hours of 7.30 and 8.30 o'clock in the evening, for the purpose of nominating candidates for the offices of Mayor, Reeve and six Councillors to represent the Town of Napanee in the Council for the year 1927. Also for the purpose of nominating three Members of the Board of Education for 1927. Also nomination of one member of the Utilities Commission.

If a greater number of candidates are nominated than are required to be elected, then a poll will be opened at the undermentioned Polling Sub-Divisions within the Town of Napanee on MONDAY, THE THIRD DAY OF JANUARY, A.D. 1927, the polls to continue open from nine o'clock in the morning until the o'clock in the afternoon and no longer.

POLLING SUB-DIVISIONS:

Centre Ward No. 1, at the Town Hall. J. M. Graham, D.R.O.; W. Metcalfe, Poll Clerk.

Centre Ward No. 2, at Geo. Shepherd's residence, E. J. Walters, D.R.O.; R. McNeil Poll Clerk.

West Ward No. 1, at Frank Kinkley's residence, D. Garrison, D.R.O.; W. Higgs, Poll Clerk.

West Ward No. 2, at Public Library, W. H. Roe, D.R.O.; C. H. Lapum, Poll Clerk.

East Ward, at John Robinson's store, R. S. Wales, D.R.O.; S. Baird, Poll Clerk.

W. A. GRANGE, Returning Officer.

Dated at Napanee, December 16th, 1926.

The Flower Shop.

Wedding and funeral designs a specialty. 'Phone 34, John St.

'Phone 92 for clean coal—**VanLuven. We make it hot for you.**

APPOINTED PRESIDENT OF CANADIAN DEPARTMENT STORES, LIMITED

G. H. RENNIE HEADS MERGER OF STORES OF WHICH ROBINSON CO. IS ONE.

G. H. Rennie, heretofore assistant general manager of the Robert Simpson Co., Ltd., has been appointed president and general manager of Canadian Department Stores, Ltd., a recently formed merger of twenty-two large stores in the principal cities of Ontario. Mr. Rennie, who assumed his new duties this week, will have his head quarters in Toronto. The Canadian Department Stores, Ltd., are very fortunate in securing a man having the ability and integrity of Mr. Rennie.

As a mark of esteem in which he is held by his former associates, Mr. Rennie was tendered a banquet, on the occasion of his withdrawal from the Simpson Company by operating heads of the firm and 150 departmental executives, when he was the recipient of a handsome hall clock.

The new executive head of Canadian Departmental Stores, Ltd., who has resided in Toronto for twenty-five years, received his early training with the firm of Thos. Kinnear and Co., wholesale grocers. After joining the Simpson Company as manager of the market, his rise in rank was rapid. Mr. Rennie is still a comparatively young man.

At the time the merger took place, the constituent companies had an annual turnover of $10,000,000 and since then steady growth in the business has taken place. Substantial increases in sales are reported by the individual stores this month.

The consolidation was in accordance with modern business methods in volving economy in operation and overhead, through expert buying and volume distribution. Department stores are located in the following places—Napanee, Belleville, Woodstock, Stratford, Chatham, Huntsville, Hanover, Barrie, Ottawa, Picton, Orillia, Picton, Lindsay, Peterborough, Pembroke, Sudbury, North Bay, Midland, Port Arthur, Sault Ste Marie, St. Catharines, Brantford and Montreal.

The Robinson Company, of Napanee, is one of the stores in the merger of Canadian Department Stores.

CONWAY.

The December meeting of the Conway Women's Institute was held at the home of Mrs. Wm. Chapman. A goodly number of members were present. It was decided to send baskets to needy families goodies to the needy of the neighborhood. A very interesting programme was afterwards enjoyed. The subject of Rev. Mr. Stainton's address was "Mile-Stones to Progress". It was listened to with much interest by a very appreciative audience. Miss Eleanor Ham, A.T.C.M., A. Mus., also rendered piano numbers entitled "Finlandia," by Sibelius. The last number on the program was a reading given in a very able manner and enjoyed by all. The meeting closed with the anthem, and after a very dainty lunch served the members returned to their respective homes feeling that they had spent a very pleasant and profitable afternoon.

Atwater Kent Radios. Get yours at Gibbard's.

SILLSVILLE.

The Deseronto Choral Society gave a concert in Sillsville Hall on Thursday evening last, under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid. A number of artists took part, including Mrs. Powell of Napanee. The Society, under the leadership of Mr. M. Rathbun, gave a rare musical treat to those privileged to hear it.

Mr. and Mrs. John Magee spent the tea hour on Thursday last with Mr. and Mrs. Harold Hough. Miss Beryl Wilson spent Sunday last with Miss Doris Rikley.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Instant, of Adolphustown, were recent callers on Mrs. B. M. Charters.

George Dickson has purchased a new motor truck and has taken the route on the bay to the condensory, Napanee.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Wright and children, of Conway, spent Sunday last with Mrs. H. M. Hough.

The Sillsville School, Miss Marjorie Keyes, teacher, are giving their annual Christmas tree and concert in the hall soon.

NOMINATION MEETING

Notice is hereby given that a meeting of the electors of the Township of Richmond will be held at the Town Hall, Selby, on MONDAY, DECEMBER 27th, 1926 between the hours of twelve and one o'clock noon, for the purpose of nominating candidates for the offices of Reeve and four Councillors to represent the Township of Richmond in the Township Council for the year 1927.

If a greater number of candidates are nominated than are required to be elected, then a poll will be opened in the usual polling sub-divisions in the township on Monday, the third day of January A.D., 1927, the polls to continue open from nine o'clock in the morning until five o'clock in the afternoon and no longer.

A. WOOD, Returning Officer.

Dated at Selby, this 20th day of December, 1926.

OBITUARY

SELBY.

The council met on Tuesday, the last sitting for the year.

The young people are practising for the Christmas tree event, which is to be held on Thursday night.

Miss T. McCauley is spending a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Dean at Bethany.

A number from here attended the funeral of the late Mr. Schell on Friday last.

Miss Anly Dodge is visiting friends at Switzerville.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Pringle visited his mother, who is very ill at Westplain.

Miss Alma Wood spent a few days recently at A. Woods'.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Tummon and family and Mr. and Mrs. Tummon of Latta, spent Sunday last at A. C. Tummon's.

Miss Mary Denison, of Newburgh, spent a few days recently at A. McLeod's.

Mr. and Mrs. Price and daughter spent last Friday with Mr. and Mrs. A. Wood.

WILTON.

Just enough snow for good sleighing and the farmers have been making good use of the mild weather by working in their woods.

The Ladies' Aid bazaar, which was held in the United Church on December 8th, was a decided success.

The Wilton Dramatic Club presented their play entitled, "The Eyes of Love," to a full house on Friday evening, Kingston, spent last week-end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Newman.

Mrs. Emma Babcock, Kingston, is visiting her grandson, Mr. Kenneth Babcock.

The children of Victoria School are practising for their Christmas concert.

The many friends of Mrs. J. W. Frink and Mrs. J. E. Storms are sorry to hear of their illness and hope for a speedy recovery.

Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Newman have returned home after spending a few days in Hamilton.

The W. M. S. held its monthly meeting at the home of Mrs. Earl Perry. Mrs. Miller and Mrs. McQuaid having charge of the meeting.

CAMDEN EAST.

Sleighing is good now and the cars are still running. Sleighriding is a very popular sport these days.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Henderson, R.M.D. Napanee, were recent visitors with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Stewart.

Mrs. Howard Duckwall left on Saturday last for Cineinatti, where she will spend a limited time with her daughter and other relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Archie Close and two children, of Tamworth, with Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Black.

Mrs. J. H. Amey has returned home after spending some time with her daughter, Mrs. Fred Switzer at Redmond.

The Christmas meeting of the Mission Circle was held on Monday evening last, at the home of Delbert Sexsmith, Bicknell's Corners.

Rev. T. H. P. and Mrs. Anderson took tea with Miss A. Williams on Tuesday evening.

The Ladies' Aid of the United Church held a very successful bazaar and concert Tuesday afternoon and evening. There was a good display of fancy and useful articles, all of which were disposed of. The autograph quilt was sold by auction in the evening. Afternoon lunch was also served by the ladies and in the evening after the concert refreshments were served. The proceeds were $105.

TOWN COUNCIL

Council Chamber, Dec. 15th, 1926.

The final session of the 1926 council was held on Wednesday evening at the usual hour, to terminate the business of the year.

All the members were present except Reeve Boyes, Mayor Ming presiding.

Coun. MacGregor, chairman of Streets Committee, reported that the usual Christmas decorations of the streets had been completed.

Coun. Simpson, chairman of the Finance Committee, reported that if looked very much as though the receipts and expenditures of the corporation for this year would about balance.

A By-law fixing the polling places, appointing Deputy Returning Officers and Poll Clerks, for the holding of the Municipal elyections, was introduced, given its several readings and finally passed. Following are the polling places and officers:

East Ward, at Lat the Town Hall, J. M. Graham, D.R.O., W. Metcalf, Poll Clerk.

Centre Ward No. 2, at Geo. Shepherd's residence—E. Walters, D.R.O., R. McNeil, Poll Clerk.

West Ward No. 1, at Frank Kinkley's residence—D. Garrison, D.R.O.; W. Higgs, Poll Clerk.

West Ward No. 2, at Public Library—W. H. Roe, D.R.O., C. H. Lapum, Poll Clerk.

East Ward, at John Robinson's store—R. S. Wales, D.R.O., Sam. Baird, Poll Clerk.

A by-law respecting the licensing of carters in the Town of Napanee was introduced, given its several readings and finally passed. The by-law enacts that any person carrying on the business of carting within the corporation shall pay a license fee of $5.00 per annum, beginning January 1st, 1927.

ACCOUNTS

The following accounts were ordered paid:

J. C. Martin & Son	$15.00
P. Edwards	16.75
F. W. Barrett	8.45
A. Turnbull	6.50
E. VanLuven	27.55
F. E. VanLuven	8.75
J. H. Brown	4.00
H. Wiggins	131.70
Municipal Road Oiling and Spraying Co.	67.84
F. Carter	80.00
Mayor Ming	50.00
Reeve Boyes	30.00
E. J. Roy	30.00
C. Tummon	30.00
J. H. Simpson	30.00
L. H. Fitzpatrick	30.00
W. H. Kewell	30.00
A. MacGregor	30.00
M. P. Graham	15.00
W. A. Grange	13.45

An account from the Beaver Office Furniture Co. was referred to the Printing and By-Laws Committee with power to act.

Council adjourned sine die.

Have you tried Eskimo Pie for lunch and parties? It is both economical and easy to serve. They are only 5c. each.

4-ap

AT STEACY'S.

THE SPEECH FROM THE THRONE.

The Speech from the Throne indicates that the session of Parliament which has just opened is going to be a busy one. There was nothing new in the speech. Practically everything forshadowed had been expected. The report of the Imperial Conference proceedings will naturally arouse a good deal of interest but it is probable that around the old age pensions bill, the rural credits bill and the Provincial Premiers commission report will centre the warmest debates.

Nothing was said in the Speech from the Throne regarding the tariff, so the public is in the dark as to what is contemplated. It is probable, however, that there will be, as promised, further tax reductions, and that a determined effort will be made to still further lighten the load of the people.

Mr. King now has a clear working majority that should enable him to carry on a strong government. The progress of the first session of the new parliament will be watched with interest.

Did you ever think of a year's membership in the Library as a Christmas present to your neighbor, friend, servant or employee? Ask the Librarian for a presentation card.

COMING :-: EVENTS

GOLF CLUB DANCE IN MASONIC Hall on Friday evening, December 31st.

GRACE CHURCH CHRISTMAS Entertainment, Christmas night. Dickens' Christmas carol and pageant.

SWASTIKA CLUB DANCE in new Foresters' Hall, Tustin Block, Wednesday evening, Dec. 29th. Walters' orchestra.

BIMBO, AN ATTRACTIVE MUSICAL comedy, will be produced by "B" Co'y Club, during January. About twenty-five girls and fifteen boys are required, together with the customary children's choruses, and all those who know of anyone who might enjoy taking part, are requested to notify J. L. Murray or G. L. Pard. Rehearsals will begin early in January.

OUTLET ON THE PACIFIC

CITY OF HOPE IN NORTHERN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Prince Rupert's Development Has Been So Rapid, That It Is Hard to Believe What Has Taken Place—Has Great Future.

It seems almost yesterday since Prince Rupert, the chief port on the northern shore of British Columbia, sprang into being with the completion of the Grand Trunk Pacific, that great connecting link between the Atlantic and the Pacific which was intended to mean so much to the development of our southern regions just as the Canadian Pacific made Canada a united country from East to West.

At present the port boasts no more than 7,000 of a population, yet from its numerous advantages it bids fair to become one of the great centres of population in Canada. Situated on Kaien Island in a sheltered bay, it has a climate much the same as Liverpool, mild almost throughout the whole year, and with a dry season stretching from April to October. It is nearly 500 miles nearer the Far East than any other terminal port on the Pacific, which means at least a day's shorter sailing time.

Possessing a large and commodious harbor, it can afford shelter to a fleet of almost any size without fear of the wildest storms that sweep the Pacific. The harbor is completely landlocked with good holding ground of mud and rock. The maximum rise of the tide is 21 feet. It has an anchorage ground at low water of 15 fathoms. The approach to the harbor is easily possible, and necessary lights and buoys are fully provided. The harbor is open all the year round. There is no ice in contiguous waters; no winter fogs to contend with, and shipping is never delayed on account of weather conditions.

To meet the steady growing needs of the port, eight wharves have been built, among which are the Canadian National, with 2,200 feet frontage, including the warehouse 300 feet long, the whole supplied with all modern electrical appliances; that of the Provincial Government, 500 feet long, with its entire front of reinforced concrete and boasting of a handsome two-storey warehouse, and that of the Dominion Government, measuring 400 feet, made of concrete and boasting a similar station.

Nor is the port lacking in provision to meet the export requirements of the vast and growing prairie country that lie to the east—Saskatchewan and Alberta. A great modern grain elevator of a million and a quarter bushel capacity has been erected by the Dominion Government. It can receive 200 cars of grain per diem and discharge to steamers at the rate of 50,000 bushels per hour.

If the question were asked: "What is the chief industry of the port?" There is but one answer—fishing. Twenty million pounds of fish are handled here yearly, and the constantly increasing output of the plant shows that the food value of fish is steadily becoming more and more widely recognized. The varieties handled are: fresh and frozen halibut, red spring salmon, cohoe salmon, pink steelhead salmon and, finally salmon, black cod, red cod and ling cod, brills, soles, flounders, skate and herring, bloaters, black cod and salmon of all grades, salt fish, cod, herring and salmon of all grades. The cannery last year put up [illegible] cases of salmon alone, and can pack 1,000 cases daily.

Minerals in abundance lie in the region to the east. Coal has been found, and ores of all kinds also exist. Lumber and pulpwood industries showed a marked improvement last year, and it is advisable to remember that the timber tributary to the port is practically all the airplane spruce during the late war, which goes to show the quality of the timber grown. There are thousands of square miles of timber in the district conservatively estimated at 42,000,000 acres and carrying approximately 15,000 feet to the acre awaiting development. The sawmills adjacent to Prince Rupert and along the Canadian National Railway, on the western slope, have a daily capacity of more than a million feet of lumber, in addition to which is a large production of cedar poles, piling and railway ties.

Raw material for the production of pulp and paper is almost unlimited, and the water powers and transportation facilities available for the successful development of such industries.

What with the vast timber resources, available water powers, transportation facilities and an open door to the markets of the world through the Port of Prince Rupert, Northern British Columbia offers a most attractive field for lumbering activities.

Farming is the staple industry in the great valleys contiguous to Prince Rupert.

Terrace is the centre of the fruit belt, great success having been attained at that point in the growing of small fruits, especially strawberries.

Mining development has been greater than ever before during the past year in all parts of the northern portion of the province, and particularly in the Stewart Alice Arm and Portland Canal districts. Since 1914, this district has produced approximately 785,000 ounces of gold, 14,000,000 ounces of silver, and 293,000,000 pounds of copper.

Prince Rupert is still small among the cities of Canada, but it is still young. The land set aside for building purposes was as recently as 1909, just seventeen years ago, and incorporation was not effected until a year later. And a great future is predicted for it.

Ford Plant for Vancouver.

The Ford Motor Co. of Canada will erect a plant in Vancouver if a suitable plant can be procured, according to W. R. Campbell, vice-president of the company.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

BY G. C. TRUMBULL,
(Editor of The Sunday School Times.)

REVIEW: MOSES TO SAMUEL.

Sunday, Dec. 26.

Golden Text—"Surely His salvation is night them that fear Him; tha glory may dwell in our land." (Psa. 85: 9).

The Bible is largely a history of the days. It tells, with the infallible accuracy of inspiration, of their past, their present, and their future—for prophecy is history written in advance. There is only one theme in the Bible more prominent than the Jews, and that is the King of the Jews and Saviour of the world.

Our review of the lessons of these months takes us from the life of Moses to that of Samuel, a period of 325 years, from B.C. 1490 to about 1165. There were momentous years in the history of Israel, including the most of her wilderness wanderings after coming out of Egypt; her triumphant entrance into Canaan, the promised land; her years of conquest and victory there through faith and the faithful leader Joshua, followed by the wild, unsettled years under the Judges, when Israel suffered repeated defeat and lived in misery, and repeatedly brought it upon herself by the grace of God. In all the Old Testament historical picture of what is all too often the experience of the Christian, though the times of darkness and defeat need never occur, so abundantly has God provided against this through the Captain of our salvation.

Instead of going through the twelve lessons of the quarter, one by one, in this review, let us look at certain other aspects of the Scripture material.

The land is prominent throughout. What land? There is only one land on earth that God, as it were, spells with a capital L. It is that portion of the earth's surface of which He spoke to Abraham when He called him out of his country and kindred to go unto a land that I will shew thee." (Gen. 12:1). It was covenanted by God to Israel, the seed of Abraham, forever. It is not merely the little land of Palestine, but it includes a great deal more: "Unto thy seed have I given this land, from the river of Egypt unto the great river, the river Euphrates." (Gen. 15: 18). Israel has never fully possessed her God-given land, but she will do so, for God's covenants never fail. She began to do so under Joshua; and now, after two and a half millenniums of dispossession, the Jews are returning to their land, an event of prophetic significance in the light of God's prophecy.

The attitude of Israel toward the land comes out in varying ways during the lessons of the quarter. They begin with "Israel Journeying Toward Canaan." (Num. 11:16). The "Report of the Spies" (Num. 13: 1 to 14: 15) show the contradictory attitudes of different Israelites toward their Land, some daring to possess it, some fearing to do so. The "Fall of Jericho," (Josh. 6: 12-20) shows the decisiveness and completeness of Israel's possession of her Land when she goes to Christ her Lord.

Again, the lesson on Ruth and Naomi (Book of Ruth) shows an Israelitish family leaving the Land to find help elsewhere, and finding only death and disaster. When the mother of the family and the daughter-in-law, Naomi and Ruth, come back into the Land they come into such blessing as they never dared hope for, and Ruth becomes an ancestress of Jesus.

The Christmas lesson, "The Saviour's Birth" (Luke 2: 8-20) shows us the Land honored above all the rest of the earth as it is made the birthplace of the Son of God.

A study of the people chosen out from all the world for peculiar blessings reveals God's purpose that Israel shall have temporal, earthly prosperity if she does His will in the Land, and dwells in the Land He has given her. Israel, meeting these conditions, is promised earthly success, complete plant crops, freedom from disease, financial prosperity, victory over all earthly enemies—all that the heart of man legitimately desires. During the quarter's lesson Israel had these blessings while she lived and obeyed God; with unbelief and disobedience came disaster. We must distinguish between God's promises to Israel and to the Church, thus rightly dividing the Word of truth." The Church is not promised earthly prosperity of the sort if she abides in Christ, but rather persecution and suffering, and even death as a result of faithfulness.

An interesting review may be had by character studies. Who are the outstanding persons of the quarter's lessons, and for what characteristic was each noted?

Moses, Caleb, Josua, Gideon, Ruth, Naomi, Samuel: there are seven deservedly famous characters. Any class can have an interesting time discovering and discussing the leading traits of each of these.

Again, let the class be asked who the following persons were, and something about each: Shammua, Shaphat, Igal, Palti, Gaddiel, Caddi, Ammiel, Sethur, Nahbi, Reuel. It is a safe guess to say that no one in the class will be able to tell anything about any of these men. They were the ten spies of the twelve sent out by Moses, who brought back word from Canaan to Israel in the wilderness that they never would be able to conquer Canaan. And the names of those ten cowards have dropped into oblivion, so far as most people's memories are concerned.

But has any one in the class heard of Caleb or Joshua? They were the two spies bringing back the minority report: "Let us go up at once and possess it;..... the Lord is with us, fear them not" (Num. 13, 14).

Those who dare to trust God are immortal.

GET IT AT
WALLACE'S

AGAIN REDUCING BUFFALO HERDS AT WAINWRIGHT PARK

Wainwright, Alta., Dec. 14.—Because the National Buffalo Park will provide pasturage and hay for only so many buffalo, and Canada's herd of bison has grown to the limit of the park's feeding possibilities, the crack of the rifle is resounding in the hills and Sharpshooter Sam Purshell is bringing down one animal after another, to be hauled off to the abattoir for dressing. Foreman Bud Cotton and his riders have done their share during the last few weeks of rounding up and segregating the animals to be killed this Fall, and many thrilling moments occur, especially as the bison, which are reported to be in splendid condition, made their efforts to escape from the round-up.

Cotton and his riders have been putting through many bunches of 150 animals per day, and a total of some 1,800 buffalo are to be slaughtered this year in the attempt to keep the fast-growing herd within the numbers that the Park can feed. The ranging possibilities of the area will provide for only about 8,000 animals and the herd, which began in 1907 with 716 head, reached this figure long ago. During the past three years a systematic reduction of the main herd has been made, and the animals of the young buffalo were made to the wood bison reserve in the Slave Lake area during 1923 and 1924, some 1,600 animals being shipped out each year, and in addition, some 400 of the animals were killed in the Fall of 1924.

This year a different plan was followed, and the National Parks Branch and officials of the Department called for tenders and some 1,800 buffalo, about which there was a long list of assurance, went on to the market like so many lengths of used steam pipe. The successful tenderer is now doing the slaughtering at Wainwright and will place buffalo steaks and other choice cuts, as well as piece de resistance of the plainsman, on the market for householders to enjoy.

Another interesting experiment, dating back to the purchase of 716 animals from Michael Pablo, half-breed rancher of the Flathead country in Montana, has been surprising in many respects. The herd has grown beyond the limits of the park and it has become necessary each year to dispose of a number equal to the animal increase, which is in the neighborhood of 1600. For two years this number have been shipped to the Northwest Territories, where they were turned loose with two herds of wild bison already roaming there. These animals have been moved in specially strengthened Canadian National cattle cars and specially constructed scows, which take them from the end of the railway to a point on the Slave River where they are released. Government officials have control over the Wood Buffalo reserve during the whole year to guard against illegal shooting of the animals, and reports from them indicate that the plains buffalo already released are doing well in their new location.

STRANGE BARBARIC KINGS.

Australia 'King Had Never Heard of Any Other People But His Own.

It seems almost incredible to believe that in the heart of Australia live races of black people who until very recently had no idea of white people or of any race in the world but themselves.

A traveller to Australia's 'hinterland' tells an interesting story of meeting Narakad, a king over a large territory and many people.

One of the most remarkable things about Narakad—she wears no clothes, lives in a bark hut, and maintains his high office as much by his skill as a warrior and hunter as by possession of power. Before he met, till a traveller told him otherwise, he believed himself the only king in the world.

But in the Gilbert Group says the narrator, I came across a ruler whose kingdom was the sea. His name was Wood'Lana, which means King of the Sea, and he had nothing to do with matters of the land. It was he who decided when the bonito fleets should go forth, and his subjects paid him tribute of the pearls and tortoiseshell they found.

He was an old man, and envied with elephantiasis, but his power was never disputed. Legend has it that his original ancestor was born of a mating of the wind and the sea. He lived in state, and when his daughter married the chief of a neighboring island, the festivities were on a magnificence of a small Durbar.

In Fiji was another ruler who lived in state. A direct descendant of one of Fiji's original and most cannibalistically-inclined monarchs, he had a large thatch-house for a palace, and commoners always knelt to him and walked backwards from his presence. He had a European cook, but he preferred the foods of his race, and the cook had little to do. He received me seated on the mats of his audience room in the midst of a pair of maidens chew kava for me to drink.

Fiji's hereditary ruler of a large group of tribes in inland New Guinea is a tall, middle-aged man who had killed and helped to eat more men and women than any other native acquaintance. On ceremonial occasions he wears a headdress of birds-of-paradise plumes beautifully arranged, the whole thing being six feet high.

His way of intimating that he was graciously pleased to receive you is to hold out a handful of a certain kind of small brown nuts. I got to know him quite well, and found him quite a kindly and considerate man, despite his cannibal propensities.

None of the wives of any of these rulers had any particular standing, except perhaps in the case of the Fijian. Narakad's chief wife, for instance, had to cook and carry burdens as did any other woman of the tribe.

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TURKEY AND PUDDINGS PREPARED BY THE TON FOR CHRISTMAS DINNERS

TURKEYS BY THE THOUSAND

Montreal, Dec. 14.—"Christmas shopping early" is one of the slogans of the Canadian housewife, and it is a slogan which must be followed also by the commissariat of the Canadian National Railways, in preparation for the heavy Christmas traffic, which means special Christmas fare on all dining cars for those who must travel during the festive season. Christmas shopping by this department commenced month ago, for the reason that whereas the ordinary housewife has to worry about one or perhaps two plump turkeys, the buyers for the dining cars have that worry multiplied one-thousand fold.

The Christmas shopping list which must be followed is no light one, for the traveller on a Canadian National train expects his meals, during the Christmas season, to have that true holiday touch which is given only by the addition of certain special dishes to the menu. Two of these alone, turkey and plum puddings, require forethought and preparation, weeks in advance, and again at Christmas, several thousand plump turkeys are required to meet the demands for the special fare of diners; Thanksgiving means the purchasing and cooking of from five to five thousand birds and for Christmas from fifteen hundred to two thousand. This year, Christmas travel promises to be heavier than ever before and it is anticipated that the total number of these festive birds required will be well on to near the latter figure. As these average about twelve pounds in weight, one may say that for the task which faces the dining car chefs, working in their small kitchens on the train, to prepare the holiday meals, with this aggregate of some nine tons of turkeys.

Another big item in the lists is Christmas pudding, of which some 5,000 will be consumed in dining cars on the Canadian National System during the holiday week. This is made from an old English recipe by expert chefs, and the demand for this delicacy is so great that the individual demands that while some of the puddings may be made up in one or two pound sizes for parties, there must also be small individual puddings for solitary diners.

Other items for the "trimmings" must also be provided. Raisins, nuts, cranberries, apples and oranges are all necessary to complete the holiday meals, and huge quantities of these have been purchased, for delivery as required.

To the housewife, the recipe from which the Christmas puddings are made may be of interest at this time; Here it is, with quantities sufficient to make six two-pound puddings: 2 lbs. raisins; 4 lbs. currants; 2 lbs. chopped suet; 2 lbs. brown sugar; 1 lb. bread crumbs; ½ lb. flour; 1 large carrot, grated; 2 tablespoons ground ginger; 3 teaspoons cinnamon; 3 oz. allspice; 2 nutmegs, grated; ½ lb. citron; ½ lb. candied peel; rum or brandy to be added if desired. Wet mixture with 16 eggs, well beaten, and mix thoroughly. Put into moulds or basins and tie tightly. Boil for ten hours.

THE CEDAR OF LEBANON.

Celebrated Botanist In 1737 Brought First Tree From Palestine.

The cedar of Lebanon is not common even to-day, and less than 200 years ago there was not a single tree of this species in Europe. A celebrated botanist, Bernard de Jussieu, visited Palestine in 1737, and was struck by the stately appearance of the trees on Mount Lebanon. He selected a tiny sapling, and, for lack of better "pot," stuffed his hat with the native soil, planted his young cedar, and brought it away.

Voyages were slow in those days, and the botanist's vessel was driven out of its course by gales. Even the drinking water became scarce, and there would have been none for the precious plant had not the botanist shared his ration with it. He was in danger of a serious breakdown in health when the ship arrived at Marsellies, but the tree still lived.

The Excise authorities then made trouble, thinking that Jussieu's jealous care of his hatful of soil meant that it concealed some dutiable article. He was ordered to empty it, but he pleaded so hard and described so graphically the hardships he had endured for the sake of his botanical specimen, that at last he was allowed to go ashore.

The sapling was planted in the famous Jardin des Plantes in Paris, grew to gigotic proportions, and became one of the sights of the city. It grew to a height of 80 feet, and continued to flourish for a century.

Schools for Servants.

Schools for the training of domestic servants will shortly be established in Birmingham, England, if the Ministry of Labor approves of a scheme that has been laid before it by the employment committee of that city. The proposal is that girls should enter upon a course of domestic training immediately on leaving elementary schools. The subjects taught will include cookery, laundry work, housewifery, needlework, and hygiene.

The course will be of twelve months' duration, and girls attending such schools will receive a maintenance allowance, the equivalent of six shillings a week, plus travelling expenses, while undergoing training.

Motor-Cycle Making In Britain.

In motor-cycle making Britain leads the way, one single firm turning out more machines than are made by all the United States producers. The export trade was worth more than £6,000,000 last year.

More Rooms for Chateau Frontenac.

The Canadian Pacific Railway has decided to add 200 rooms to its famous hostelry, the Chateau Frontenac. Through the construction of the proposed new wing the Chateau Frontenac will probably become the largest hotel in the British Empire, having some 1,200 rooms.

OUTLINES RADIO'S HISTORY

Tells of Old Days of Dot-and-Dash Wireless.

The transition of radio development from the introduction of the old dot-and-dash wireless system to the present broadcasting of music and the human voice is reviewed by Carl Dreher, writing in the New York Times.

"The storm signals of 1896, he reminds his readers, had to reach port again by the efforts of its own officers and crew and, if it got into trouble they had to get it out again, or drown or starve. Of course, as the survivors dritted another vessel might happen along, decide to be kind and throw him a shirt at the end of an oar, but it was a dubious chance. With the development of marine radio all this had been changed. The North Atlantic has become a sewing circle, except that the gossip is more formal and costs a cents a word, when a ship gets the worst of it the only question is as to which of the steamers picking up the S.O.S. can reach her quickest. Lives are lost even now, but far more would be lost without radio. In fact, it is a question whether the modern development in volume and facility of travel and shipping would have been possible at all without the wireless communication, just as our modern way of transacting business is inconceivable without the telephone.

"This brings us," he continues, "to the observation that marine radio is not merely a romantic exploit but an economic factor of first importance. Marine managements on shore keep in touch with their floating property day by day, routing and rerouting freighters, disposing of cargoes, making the most economical coaling arrangements, utilizing their capital to the best advantage. For every S.O.S. rescue in the headlines, a thousand commercial messages throng the ether, keeping in motion the machines on which the swollen population of the world depends for subsistence. And again, in the Morse code, we behold the progress of marine radio from the feeble and erratic dot-and-dash relations to the present telegraph office, equipped with high-speed ink recorders and multi-channel transmitters, found on the passenger liners of to-day.

"The wireless telephone developed later than the wireless telegraph, primarily because reproduction of speech and other sounds is a more difficult task than transmission of code signals, and also because the service is not as essential. As a result, this branch of radio received more leisure for its growth and had reached a higher technical standard when it was put to commercial uses than the wireless telegraph. Broadcasting might have emerged from the unseen some years before 1921, and it was probably largely chance that it took hold then.

"The last phase of radio which we shall consider, arises from what we might call the permanent tendency of radio, its remarkable capacity for soaking through into other arts and divisions of life. Three such widely separated fields as wire telephony, phonograph reproduction and advertising show the influence of radio directly. Long distance wire telephony rested on a distortionless amplifier of voice currents. Only one such device, suitable for practical commercial applications, has been invented—the vacuum tube amplifier, developed by radio men for radio purposes, and fully adapted to the needs of the telephone field. Without the vacuum tube the remarkable progress of long distance telephone communication in the last decade would scarcely have been possible.

"Similarly, the vacuum tube has invaded the fields of phonograph recording and reproduction, leading to a degree of perfection hitherto undreamed of. Aside from electrical applications, in such fields as advertising, concert work and the theatre, radio, as a new and widespread force in contact with the public, now plays its part. Copyright owners, legislators, business men, newspapers, captains of industry and amusement are all concerned with it, and who is not? It can no more be kept out than the waves which carry it to receiving sets everywhere. A few years ago people were asking about radio broadcasting 'Do you think it will last? Is it permanent?' That question has been answered."

THE MARRIAGE BROKER.

Imre Dezsi Was the Last Professional "Best Man" in Hungary.

The death has occurred of Imre Dezsi, the last professional "best man" in Hungary.

Up to the last decade the profession of "best man" was an accepted means of earning a living on the Hungarian plain. The duties of the "best man" were manifold, and included calling at the farms with a flowered and beribboned stick to demand the hand of the bride in the name of the bridegroom, and reciting rhymed rigmaroles of his own composition during the wedding feast. Dezsi was proud of his original rhymes, which, however, will be lost to posterity, for he never permitted anyone to write them down.

Dezsi also combined the business of marriage-broker with that of "best man," and in a large column entitled have been found which show that he brought together more than a thousand couples, receiving sums which varied from eighteen florins to several million crowns.

Etiquette demands that guests at peasant festivities shall consume as much solid and liquid refreshment as capacity allows in the three days of their duration, and Dezsi may be said to have been the victim of his profession for the many baptisms and silver weddings celebrated by former clients, at which he was the honored guest, so afflicted with health as to bring on an untimely death.

Where Do the Pins Go.

One of the mysteries of the world is certainly the pin. Its astounding quantities they pour from numerous factories. One mill alone is credited with turning out nearly ten million pins a day.

A pin is a thing which, in the ordinary way, would last for years, and it is a problem to account for the necessity for making such enormous quantities.

The explanation is undoubtedly that pins are so cheap that everyone throws away or loses them as fast as they use them. Thousands and thousands of them enter the sewers of our towns, and solid masses are often found where numbers of these tiny articles have become welded together in their passage through the sewers. The output of a pin factory includes dozens of different sizes, from the tiny pins used by naturalists, only ¼ inch in length and nearly thick as a wire nail.

"A NATIONAL ASSET"

An Appeal For the Protection of Our Birds.

A small pamphlet, bearing the title "Birds, a National Asset" has recently been issued by the Canadian National Parks Branch of the Department of the Interior, Ottawa. The contents consists of short but weighty articles bearing out the claim contained in the title, and these articles are from ministers of agriculture, professors of agricultural colleges and persons in other ways associated with agriculture. In short, the pamphlet is a collection of proof of the value of most of our birds to the farmer and the fruit-grower, and an appeal for the protection of these birds. The gist of the pamphlet can be indicated by quoting one paragraph from the article of V. W. Jackson, professor of Biology, Manitoba. He closes his article with these lines:

"So great is the destruction of insects by birds that we may well wonder how we could exist without them. Charles Reed figures that there are five birds per acre in Massachusetts, and that in this small state the insectivorous birds devour 21,000 bushels of insects per day. The Red River Valley is about the same size as Massachusetts, and no doubt our bird population is as great and the destruction of insects about the same. Now 21,000 bushels of insects would fill an elevator 50 by 50 feet and 70 feet high, or to put it in another way, it means 20 carloads of insects per day destroyed by the birds of the Red River Valley."

The balance of nature upon which agriculture depends is pointed out in a clear and very interesting manner by Prof. Jackson, who writes:

"Our food, clothing and shelter depend upon living things—crops, live stock and forests, and every living thing bears a biotic relation to or dependence upon some other living thing. This stable relationship is often called the balance of nature. If the balance is disturbed there is a quick readjustment, and balance is restored again. If some rapid spreading disease kills off the rabbits, then large hawks, missing their food, move southward and attack the next largest prey—the prairie chicken. The rabbits that survive are immune and soon increase rapidly in the absence of the hawks, and in seven or eight years they are again so conspicuously plentiful that the hawks return to their old haunts and the balance is restored. Another historic cycle of balance is that which shows clover seed to have a biotic relation to hawks. Hawks, by destroying mice, destroy the enemies of bumble (humble) bees, which thus increase rapidly in numbers and more clover is fertilized and more seed set. You will notice that it is birds which keep the balance by flying from one side of the scales to the other by migrating to where insects or other pests are most plentiful.

"It is very easy to disturb the balance of nature upon which agriculture depends. If birds are driven away, or destroyed, then the insects upon which they feed will increase, often to such extent as to become a plague and make agriculture impossible as they have in treeless and birdless Egypt; what a harvest the plagues of locusts would have been for birds, but there were no birds to keep them in check. No trees, no birds, no crops."

LAST VOYAGE OF FAMOUS SHIP.

Barquetine Bougainville Becomes Floating Grain Warehouse.

One of the few survivors of the famous old clipper ships that raced from London to Australia in the sixties has sailed from Vancouver for the South seas on her last voyage as a deemp-sea carrier.

The vessel is the French barquetine Bougainville, a three strangely assorted crew included a number of Tahitian savages and two venturesome American girls. She will end her days as a floating grain warehouse at Fiji.

Sixty-three years ago the Bougainville slipped out of the Thames on her maiden voyage to Australia, with brass and paintwork spotless and her white sails bulging. She was then the Kimalaya, owned by the Shaw-Savill Company. She did valiant duty as a passenger liner, and many citizens of the Antipodes to-day first landed from her gang-planks.

Her record times from London to New Zealand are ninety days, so she was never in the first rank of crack sailing liners, but she made a name on account of her excellent sea-going qualities, and was popular among colonists who preferred safety and comfort to haste.

The Kimalaya became the Star of Peru when she changed hands in 1896, and for the last thirty years has been barking between Arctic and Arctic ports in the Behring Sea under the house flag of the Alaskan Packers of San Francisco.

The staunch old ship, however, at last became obsolete, and last year the Star of Peru was sold to a French firm and renamed the Bougainville.

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The Winter Sports Centre of America

Winter reigns supreme in Quebec once again. The romantic and historic city of Quebec gives itself up as in former years to the invigorating joy of winter sports. They take it seriously there and they have every reason for doing so. Perhaps at no other centre on the continent are the conditions so ideal. Plenty of snow, a keen steady climate, hills to ski down and great slides for tobogganing. The Chateau Frontenac, owned by the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, is undoubtedly the great centre of winter sports in Quebec. The above photograph shows the huge slide that provides endless amusement for all. To the left on the heights stands the Chateau and to this famous hostelry visitors come from far and wide to take part in the winter festivities.

The first outstanding events are scheduled to take place during the last week in December. In January the inter-collegiate ski meet will be held, at which it is expected, as was the case last season, teams from many of the Canadian and American universities will take part. The open championship ski jumping contest of the Frontenac Winter Sports Association will be held in the third week of February, the silver trophy of which is now in the possession of the Ottawa Ski Club. There will also be held in February the ski championship meet of the city of Quebec.

Skating is being specially catered to. There are being built at present a dozen large open air rinks in the city, while the Canadian (open to the world) speed skating championships, set for February 4 and 5, will bring the cream of Canadian and American speed skaters to Quebec.

Entries are already coming in from eastern Canada and the United States for the fourth eastern international dog sled derby to be held February 21-23. Among those already received are H. I. Sutton, of Chicago; Ontario Paper Co., Quebec; Price Bros., of Quebec (two teams); P. J. Molloy, Berlin, N.H.; and The Pequot Company, Quebec. Officials of the Eastern International Dog Sled Derby Club expect at least 25 of the finest teams on the continent will be entered this year.

Much earlier than this, however, the famous Dufferin Terrace toboggan slide will be in full operation well in advance of the Christmas season. A new attraction in the form of a sled and bob-sled run will be built by the Frontenac Winter Sports Association on the old city walls and will finish on the Esplanade. Visitors will, therefore, be able to enjoy this exhilarating sport without even going outside the limits of Old Quebec.

Hockey will provide the most rabid fan with all he can desire. The new Quebec team, "The Bulldogs," will put a strong line-up in action against a United States circuit, including New Haven, Springfield, Mass., Providence and Boston, in the new Quebec-American League. "Sons of Ireland," old favorites in the amateur ranks, and a sterling team, will be playing when the "Bulldogs" are out of town, while there are also teams running in the Quebec City League, Nationale League and others.

The curling bonspiel in February will bring rinks from all over the continent to "sweep" for the handsome trophies up for competition. Nor should the snowshoe clubs be forgotten, of which Quebec City possesses eight. Their spectacular appearance in the old-time Canadian costume add greatly to the picturesqueness of the city and to its appeal to visitors.

The Quebec Winter Sports Association, under whose auspices the season will be operated, have already subscriptions in excess of $13,000 to date from citizens, which will go far towards assuring a successful season.

DRIVE CARS IN YUKON ALL YEAR

Dr. C. C. Ross Says Climate Is Much the Same as Prairie Provinces.

Yukon Territory as "the land of perpetual ice and snow, where men are men and barbers non-existent," exists only in the feverish brain of the obliging movie director, according to Dr. C. C. Ross of Mayo, Y.T., who recently passed through Winnipeg en route to his old home in Minnedosa.

Dr. Ross told a Canadian Press representative that the Yukon climate is very much the same as that on the Prairie, the residents of Mayo wearing clothes similar to those of Prairie citizens, and driving their cars all the year around. Of course, it does get somewhat chilly at times, admitted Dr. Ross. Two years ago they had ten days when the official temperature was 69 degrees below zero, but such cold snaps are exceptional. Mayo itself is a mining town, being the headquarters of the Trend-well Yukon Company, which last year brought out ore to the value of nearly $2,000,000 from its mines in the district.

Although it is 300 miles from the narrow-gauge railway which connects White Horse City with Skagway, says the Toronto Globe, the town has a well-equipped hospital, moving-picture theatre, and a good golf course. Those seeking a diversity of amusements can step from a bridge party to big-game hunting in the woods around town, where nothing lies between them and the Hudson Bay except untamed wilderness.

The cost of living in Mayo is high. Twenty-five cents is the smallest piece of money used; a haircut costs a dollar, and a pound of butter the same; but wages are in proportion. Radio is a great boon in keeping residents in touch with the events of the day in the outside world, as the newspaper, are three weeks old by the time they reach Mayo. Swarms of tourists are visiting the Yukon every summer, according to Dr. Ross, and during the holiday season it is impossible to travel up or down the coast without making reservation weeks in advance.

The big handicap in the development of the territory is the lack of transportation facilities, especially in getting ore to the southeastern markets. At present it is all carried by caterpillar tractors from the mines to Mayo, where it is shipped by boat to White Horse, and by rail from there to the coast. Caterpillars and automobiles are rapidly replacing the picturesque dog teams, which cannot compete with them in speed or carrying capacity.

REAL "SKY PILOTS."

A Plane Is Better Than a Car in Some Lonely Empire Parishes.

"D.H. MOTH.—Wanted, airplane for Church of England work in outback Australia, parish size of England. Contributions to——"

This advertisement appeared in the personal column of one of the great dailies the other morning. It aroused widespread interest. So far the "sky pilot" has been to the one machine only, and the advertisement suggested that one clergyman was planning to give the phrase a more practical significance, say Answers.

The advertiser was Rev. L. Daniels, a London University man, who won spiritual charge of a huge Australian parish known as Wilcannia, in the northwest corner of New South Wales, four years ago. His duties made it necessary for him to make long journeys, for which he used a motor-car. But he found that travelling in this way was unsatisfactory, as too much of his time was spent in getting from place to place.

It was a problem, however, to find a better mode of travel. Finally the airplane idea was suggested. It was a genuine inspiration, for Mr. Daniels has been a Royal Air Force pilot, and he knows all there is to know about planes and their engines isn't worth knowing.

Clergymen with large and scattered parishes to cover have sometimes made appeals for motor-cars to help them in their work, but there is no previous case of an airplane being asked for, though there are plenty of parishes on the outskirts of Empire where an airplane would be an inestimable boon.

"Visiting," for instance, is a big problem for the clergyman in some parts of the Dominions. In present circumstances he can't even attempt it; so far as the vast majority of his parishioners are concerned. But the advent of the flying parson will alter all that.

Victorian Orators.

The Marquis of Hastly knew most of the leading political figures of the Victorian era, and in his recent book of reminiscences he contrasts the methods of some of the great Parliamentarians. The most successful speakers, he says, are not those who wave their arms with perfervid declamation. Parnell, who never moved from an erect attitude and spoke in measured sentences, with a cynical manner, was very effective. Dilke, on the other hand, in speeches crammed full of knowledge, was too verbose, and seemed to tire the House. Joseph Chamberlain, in his clear-cut tones, with a penetrating and incisive voice, his right arm moving with to a point or emphasize a remark, was one of the most delightful speakers to listen to. The Marquis of Hastly adds that Sir William Harcourt was fluent and bombastic.

Sent Plums to England.

Ripe plums were sent to England from Ontario last season, arriving there in prime condition. The plums were picked ripe and fully colored.

Nova Scotia's Apples.

The commercial apple crop of Nova Scotia is estimated at 622,800 barrels—70 per cent. of the crop of 1925.

African Giants and Pygmies

During his many visits Mr. William J. W. Roome, F.R.G.S., has travelled Africa from end to end, having journeyed by motor-car, train, boat, bicycle and on foot, over 75,000 miles. In relating his experiences to a London reporter, he said:

"The natives vary remarkably in physique and intelligence. Going unarmed as I do, perhaps I see them at their best; in any case, at their most natural. My rule is never to bully a wild man or a wild animal. Just smile and pass on. More than once I have passed a lion or a leopard within forty paces, yet I have merely been stared at and not hassled. More than once — oh, many time—I have had cannibals as my hosts, and as soon as they were convinced of my friendly intentions I have never had any trouble. One of my porters, however, making a return journey alone, was killed and eaten. Sometimes, of course, the innocent suffer for the mistakes of the guilty. A lion will remember an injury for about three weeks. If you happen to meet him within that time, he may have a faulty memory for the features of the original assailant and vent his annoyance by attacking you.

"Remarkably enough, the two extremes of African intelligence are found in the two extremes of physique. The seven-foot men whom I met were good-natured, well advanced in primitive civilization and very intelligent indeed. The pygmies, the men less than four feet tall and the women about three inches less, are little more than animals. In a general way their intelligence is exceedingly low, but in their own way they are exceedingly clever.

"It is the Kingdom of Ruanda, near Uganda—the latter a better-known district—which contains the caste which averaged seven feet in height. They are the ruling caste of the country, and their old monarch, King Musinga, is still a magnificent specimen. Though he walks with a stoop now, due to old age, he is still six feet eight inches tall. He must formerly have been at least six feet ten. Many of his nobles are over seven feet, and extremely athletic.

"Though the Kingdom is remote from the touch of civilization, these giants have a decidedly refining remarkably from that of most natives. They wear a long white robe, like the Roman toga, often richly and tastefully decorated. Musinga, who rules more than 2,000,000 people, of who about 10 per cent. are in the giant class, is a fine figure of a man in the open. He has a profile exactly like that of Seti I., the Egyptian monarch whose mummy is in the Museum at Cairo. I was studying this mummy a few weeks ago, comparing it with Musinga. The features of the Watusi—the native name of the caste, of giants—are Egyptian rather than Negroid, and their skin, instead of being black, is a dusky brown, which is also like that of the Egyptians in ancient times. Some of their art, too, bears striking similarity to ancient Egyptian art. It is my belief that the Watusi are descended from some ancient dynasty of the Pharaohs.

"Perhaps what accounts for the tremendous height of the Watusi, I think it is not due to any herb or drug, but simply to life in the open. They are very active, very athletic, and outdoors most of the time in an open country of rolling hills.

"Next to the giant athletes, whose physique and strength are almost incomprehensible unless you have seen them, the people of greatest interest are the pygmies. You can find no human beings any lower in the intellectual scale than the Batwa. Three of the true pygmies, not of the pseudo-pygmies, considerably taller, who are found near the Belgian Congo. Those whom I studied are the forest pygmies, or Batwas. They live in a dense belt of forest 1,000 miles long by perhaps 200 wide, and I first came upon them at about the point where the explorer Henry Stanley was almost lost. Previously I had several times travelled this forest without seeing one of them. They are as shy as rabbits, and their little fellow arrows. These arrows are poisoned, and many a traveller through that country has been killed by a poisoned dart without ever seeing his assailant.

"They gave a tribal dance for me, one feature of which was the beating of their bare chests on their hands. By this means they telegraph messages for long distances. The women with their babies looked like little dolls with dolls' clothes on. In bark cloth skirts, with their monkey faces and hairy chests, looked like gnomes.

"Spoiling with the bow and arrow and tree-climbing are the things at which the pygmies show great skill. Their skill in these accomplishments is really amazing.

"I set up a two-inch piece of white paper on a tree at a distance of fifty yards. They hit it easily with their little arrows, many of them hitting the paper right in the centre. Then I selected a tree about eighteen inches in diameter and fifty feet to the first branches.

"When I indicated the tree that I wanted them to climb, they ran up the trunk like cats, using their fingers and toenails and hardly using their knees at all. When they reached that branch fifty feet from the ground, they ran along it as quickly and unconcernedly as we might run along a pavement. Half their life is spent in the tree branches, and the other half under them."

"HOW CAVE MEN LIVED."

Recent Discoveries Throw New Light Upon Prehistoric Britons.

Remarkable discoveries concerning the life of primitive man have been made in Cornwall. The finds throw new light on the "cave-man's" mode of living.

An actual cave-dwelling has been found in the wildest and least frequented part of a hill named Carn-Brea, near Redruth, England. The roof is formed of two large boulders, weighing about forty tons, and the entrance has five granite slabs, upright, with a crosspiece resting on the upper parts.

The cave-dwelling was clearly made by human hands. The interior would accommodate from fifteen to twenty people. One has to crawl through the entrance on hands and knees, and in the gloom one becomes aware of an eerie feeling. One thinks that some strange inhabitant of the neolithic world will appear in the darkness, wielding an arrow-headed spear.

On this picturesque hill, with its great granite monoliths, are strange remains of fortresses and battlements that must be thousands of years old.

There are circular defences, ditches and narrow gateways, similar to those in Zimbabwe, the ancient city of Rhodesia.

Excavation work on Carn-Brea has resulted in the finding of numbers of flint arrowheads, with mounds of chippings which are supposed to be the work of neolithic man. Bronze celts were also found, and broken pottery and whorls. In half a dozen places the excavators discovered, under many feet of vegetable mounds, curious formations of shaped rocks, which archæologists consider to be prehistoric cooking-places. Another of the features of this hill is the huge rocks, thought to be used in connection with Druidical worship. One of these, the "Seat of Judgment," a mass of granite boulders, weighs over 100 tons.

Another "sacrificial rock" has strange depressions, some a yard wide and a foot or more deep, in which human sacrifices were supposed to be carried out.

It is more than likely that Carn Brea still holds more valuable treasures locked up in its bosom.

ABOUT THE PORPOISE.

Flesh of This Cetacean Once Considered a Delicacy.

Is the mouth of the mighty St. Lawrence river, and often, when it is very stormy in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, may be seen the huge slow-moving porpoises.

About the color of dirty sea water, these huge fish, some of them six to eight feet long, slowly appear on the surface of the water and slowly dive with the motion of a big revolving wheel.

Porpoises are now chiefly prized for the oil and leather which they yield, although they, as well as their cousins, the dolphins, were once an article of diet.

The porpoise is considered the most common of all the cetaceans. The name has a Latin origin, porco-hesoe, hog-fish, and is found in almost all the European seas, and on the American coasts. Its length is about six feet. It appears on the middle of its back, and its jaws have numerous small teeth. The entire body is covered with a layer of fat an inch thick. The liver, which yields oil, in its raw state is said to resemble pork.

The porpoises are a sociable lot, swimming in shoals, and in schools as the sailors say. Their object is usually mackerel, herrings, and other small fish which scatter before them in terror. Quite often, pursued with that chase, they sometimes approach the shore, where they forage among the amongst marine vegetation, rooting it up with their snouts.

Epicures in the Middle Ages loved the flesh of the porpoise and dolphin, and at the coronation feast of Richard II. a dolphin was frequently roasted with surprise, and at the solemn installation of Bishop Neville, four of these cetaceans appeared at the table.

In 1491 the bailiffs of Yarmouth presented a fine specimen of a porpoise to Lord Oxford. It was accompanied by an address in which it was stated that they had chosen this present as one which would be specially acceptable to him.

The porpoise was a delicacy highly appreciated at Court. In the reign of the English King Henry III they frequently appeared at the royal table.

At a sumptuous banquet prepared for Richard II. they also appeared.

At the splendid coronation feast of Henry VII. various dishes of porpoise were served. They were boiled and roasted and rich pies and puddings were made of the flesh, in accordance with the prevailing taste and discretion.

Good Queen Bess, who was credited with a refined taste in food, was fond of porpoise, and it often appeared on her table.

It was sold in the English markets up to the year 1575. After that its popularity waned, and it was no longer prized as a delicacy.

CHALIAPIN'S CHILDHOOD

GREAT RUSSIAN SINGER OFTEN BEATEN AND HALF-STARVED.

First Experience of Music Came When He Heard Church Singing—Joined Choir—How He Came to Enter Opera.

Feodor Chaliapin, the great and picturesque Russian singer, had a stormy childhood. He was apprenticed to cobblers, to a carpenter, often beaten and half-fed, but not discontented withal, and as frolicsome as any boy of his age. His first experience of seeing acting came with the fascinating performances of street clowns who visited the city, and who perhaps had more to do than he realised with his early disposition for the stage and an artist's life. He says that he was inconsolable when Easter passed and the town square was bare and empty once more. And the whole thing vanished like a dream. "I was long tortured by unusual dreams; I saw long corridors with round windows down through which showed gorgeous, fairy-like cities, mountains and temples that did not exist in Kazan—things of which one can only dream."

His first experience of music came when one day he heard church singing. He asked the choirmaster if he might join in this. Without a word Scherbinin took up a violin. "Draw the sound after the bow." "I did my best to 'draw' a few notes heard on the fiddle. The regent said, 'You have voice and your ear is good. I will write you some notes: learn them.'" The boy learned quickly. The mother was proud of his success, the father indifferent, but conceived the idea that by this means his child might be able to make some money. Feodor sang in evening and on special religious days, working at other tasks in and about the city. He sang for marriages and funerals and what not for seven or eight roubles monthly.

The young Chaliapin found himself for the first time in a theatre, far up, where, in standing room, he watched to press his hands against the low ceiling. Gas jets furnished light, and the smell of gas, according to the author, "is to-day my favorite odor."

Two years later he appeared as an actor in the leading part of a comedy. He was dumb with fright, had his costume stripped from him by the manager, who, mad with rage, threw him out of the theatre and into the garden in his underclothes.

Chaliapin's family sank always deeper into misery and want. They embarked in the steerage of a Volga steamer, hoping for better luck in Astrakhan. There matters were if anything worse. Feodor decided to shift for himself, and a long period of vagabondage began. He carried goods in the Volga ports for twenty kopecks a day. Bags of grain that tried the last ounce of his strength made bystanders laugh.

Meanwhile, a child's voice had changed to a man's baritone, and another travelling opera company was passing by. The manager, Semenoff Samatsky, was in some way impressed by the ragged worker who wanted to sing, if necessary for nothing. Chaliapin stood a month, threw him off the train. "I slept in Baku for forty-eight hours in succession; for while one sleeps one does not want to eat." He sank to a "lower depth," and sang for food to thieves and bandits of the city. One day he was forced to take part in a murder that was being planned. He fled.

In Tiflis he fell in with a fellow Russian, Usatoff, who proved one of the beneficient artistic influences of Chaliapin's life. Usatoff gave much valuable counsel and advice. He knew music well and loved it. He discussed its mysteries with his pupils, whom he made acquainted with many operas. It was at this time that Chaliapin had his first experience of "Boris Godunoff." Moussorgsky's opera, of which the title role was to prove one of his most famous parts.

SAND FOR MAKING GLASS.

Black Island, Lake Winnipeg, Has Large Deposits.

In Lake Winnipeg is an island known as Black Island, and along its shores and back from the shores are large deposits of sand, which the Industrial Development Board of Manitoba claims is the best sand on the whole continent for the making of glass of all kinds.

This Black Island sand is already in use in foundries and other industrial plants in Manitoba, but its possibilities for development have hardly been touched, according to the report of the board. Other grades of sand are found throughout the province in such plentiful supply that there is no reason why Manitoba should import a grain of sand. Types suitable for every purpose are found in easily accessible places, the report stated. In view of such a promising report, a special committee was appointed to investigate the possibilities of developing sand products on a commercial scale in Manitoba.

We send such Heaps of Christmas Cheer

We hope it will last Throughout the year

Webster's Grocery

(Sign of Quality)

McINTOSH BROS.

Gift Suggestions from our Well Assorted Stocks. There are Hundreds of others on Display. Come in and look around.

Boxed Gifts for Men

Boxes of Armbands from..... .25

Braces in pretty boxes..... 50, 75 AND $1.00

Sets of Armbands, Braces and Suspenders, in silk elastic, all suitably boxed. Priced per set from..... $1.50

Men's Handkerchiefs

A very choice assortment of Raw Silk and Crepe-de-Chene in plain and colored patterns. Priced from..... .35 TO .50

Handkerchiefs For All

You never saw such a selection of Handkerchiefs as we are showing in white and colored, loose or suitably boxed, priced from..... 2 FOR .25 TO .79

Ladies' Silk Scarfs

In Crepe-de-Chene and Knitted Silk in a large selection of colorings, all at each..... $1.00

Infants' Dresses

A full range of Dresses for the babies in Voile, Pongee and Crepe-de-Chene, in neat styles, priced from..... $1.00

Dresser Scarfs and Table Centres

You will find on display a large assortment. Priced from ..... .39

Baby Bunnie Blankets

In Pink or Blue, sizes 27 x 40. Heavy quality, priced at each $1.00

McINTOSH BROS.

W. H. KER, Manager — Napanee Branch

Pa's Son-in-Law

PA'S
I'M AFRAID YOUR IDEA OF HIRING THAT MR. SPOOFLE TO PAY MORE ATTENTIVE TO ME, IN HOPES OF MAKING PA JEALOUS IS A FAILURE! PA DOESN'T SEEM TO CARE A BIT! HE'S HAVING TOO GOOD A TIME LIVING BY HIMSELF TO WANT TO EVER COME BACK TO ME, APPARENTLY.
ON THE WAY
W-WHY—THAT SOUNDS LIKE MR. SPOOFLE'S VOICE!
HELP!
MURDER!
HELP!
I JUST AS I WAS ENTERING THE HOUSE I WAS TOTALLY ASSAULTED BY A SHORT, HEAVY-SET THUG WITH A FACE LIKE A BULL-DOG AND—
HUH? LIKE A BULL-DOG!
BY WELLINGTON
OH—I'LL BET ANYTHING THAT WAS PA! HOW GLORIOUS! OH, MR. SPOOFLE, YOU DON'T KNOW HOW HAPPY THIS MAKES ME!

Free!

Handsome Pair of Candlesticks

Given Away Free with purchase of quarter pint can of

ROGERS

BRUSHING LACQUER

Fill in the coupon printed below and present it to us together with 50c.

We will give you in return a quarter pint can of Rogers Brushing Lacquer, the wonderful finish that *"dries while you wait"* and a pair of beautiful hardwood candlesticks without any charge whatever.

Every housewife should take advantage of this big offer. The can of Rogers Brushing Lacquer is priced at 50c. The candlesticks are worth $1.00 at the very least. So that you get $1.50 worth of merchandise for 50c.

Fill in and bring us the coupon now. You'll like the free candlesticks which you can beautify with Rogers Brushing Lacquer — the beautiful, durable, fast drying, home decorative finish.

D. B. WILSON,
Phone 138

COUPON

This coupon and 50c, entitles me to a quarter pint can of Rogers Brushing Lacquer and one pair of candlesticks, free.

Name.....

Address.....

Roll Wrapping in all widths. Cotton Twine in cones.
EXPRESS PRINTING HOUSE.

Radios and Batteries

Authorized Dealers for Stromberg-Carlson and DeForest Crosley Radios

These sets can be heard any night by appointment.

We carry a full line of Eveready Radio Batteries; all styles and prices. Phones and Speakers.

We have just installed one of the latest type Chargers to look after your car or radio storage battery.

Get your Radio License from us Then if you are about to wire your house, or have any of your wiring equipment altered give us a call. Estimates given freely.

The Thermo Water Heater has no equal.

We carry a complete line of Fixtures, Shades, Heating Appliances, Irons, Toasters, Percolaters, Curling Tongues.

National Electric Ranges; also the Beach Electric Range.

Call and see our new line in Heaters. The Tropical Heater, one that drives away cold. Just the thing to save lighting the furnace during the early fall months.

Floor Waxer and Polisher to rent

Vine's Electric Shop

Market Square. - 'Phone 367
Residence Phone 112-F.

—New Pork Barrels.
—Raw Sugar.
—Barbadoes Molasses by the quart.
—2 lbs. Shortening, 25c.
—Cheese, 20c. per lb.
—Japan Tea, 50c. lb.
—Good Coffee, 50c. lb.
—Also Dates, Figs, Oranges, Nuts, Candies, etc.

FRANK H. PERRY,
Phone 130

If you want results use the Classified Adv. Column in The Napanee Express.

GRACE UNITED CHURCH

REV. W. P. WOODGER, B.A., Minister.

9.30—Class meeting.
10.30 a.m. and 7 p.m.—Public worship conducted by the pastor.
11.45 a.m.—Sunday School and Adult Classes.

Special Christmas sermons and music at worship services.

Wednesday, 7.30 p.m.—Prayer meeting.

Visitors cordially invited to all services.

Swastika Club Dance.

In new Foresters' Hall ,Tustin block, Wednesday, evening, Dec. 29th. Walters' orchestra.

Napanee Riverside Cemetery.

All accounts outstanding are requested to be paid by the 31st December, 1926.

By order of the Board.

W. H. DUNBAR,
Secretary.
3-b

Gift Suggestions!

For Mother or Sister, stainless steel knives, forks and carving sets, Community silverware, Pyrex ovenware, Aluminumware, serving trays and electric goods.

WILSON'S HARDWARE.

St. Patrick's Church.

Christmas devotions will begin in St. Patrick's Church on Thursday afternoon and Thursday evening, with services at 6 and 8 a.m. Friday morning and on Christmas Day, services at 8 and 10 a.m. At the latter service the pastor will deliver his usual Christmas greetings.

Christmas Night.

Twenty-five richly colored picture slides, presenting Dickens' Christmas Carol, also a splendid presentation of the Christmas Pageant, "The Angels' Passage to the World." The little men and women will do their part with usual ability. At Grace Church, beginning at 7.30. Come and bring your friends.

Canadian National R. R. Special Trains Sunday, Dec. 26th.

Leaving for Ottawa 5.08 p.m., arrives Ottawa, 8.40 p.m.; Leaves for Toronto 8.30 p.m., arrives Toronto 8.30 p.m.; Leaves for Montreal 5.10 p.m., arrives Montreal 9.30 p.m. For tickets and further information apply to

J. L. BOYES & SON.

The Mayor's Farewell.

On Wednesday evening following the last meeting of the Town Council for the year, Mayor Ming entertained the members of the council and the officials to a supper at Caton's restaurant. An oyster supper was served, followed by short speeches by Rev. Woodger, Town Treasurer Graham, and members of the council. The retiring Mayor, Dr. E. Ming, M.L.A., was presented with a handsome fountain pen set by the members of the council.

Want Better Rail Service.

Belleville, Dec. 13.—Much exception was taken by the Hastings County Council members at last week's meeting, to the passenger service between the southern and northern part of Hastings County over the Canadian National Railway. Walter E. Wiggins, Reeve of Farraday, stated in the Council that the service was an insult to the intelligent people of any County. A resolution was passed asking for better service.

Yarker and Colebrook W.M.S.

The monthly meeting of the W.M.S. of the Yarker and Colebrook United Churches was held at the home of Mrs. W. C. Shangraw, on Thurday evening, December 9th. The president, Mrs. F. S. Martin, conducted the meeting. In the absence of the secretary, Miss Alcombrack acted pro tem. Much sympathy was expressed for Mrs. E. McKnight in the passing away of her father, also for Mrs. Gladwin Snider's serious illness. Interesting papers in "New Days in Old India," were read by several of the ladies. An inspiring solo was rendered by Mrs. W. C. Shangraw. After singing that favourite Christmas hymn, "Hark the Herald Angels Sing," the meeting was brought to a close by prayer. The hostess served afternoon tea and a social half hour was spent. The next meeting will be held at the home of Mrs. S. Freeman.

Poultry Supplies.

Royal Purple and Pratt's Poultry Foods and tonics, oyster shell and grit, beef scrap, thermos drinking fountains.

WILSON'S HARDWARE.

BAY CIRCUIT

Rev. R. J. Merriam, Pastor.

Hay Bay Church: Sunday School, 10 a.m.; Public Worship, 11 a.m.

Bethany Church: Sunday School 1.30 p.m.; Public Worship 2.30 p.m.

Anderson Church: Sunday School 10.30 p.m.: Public Worship 7.30 p.m.

S. MARY MAGDALENE CHURCH.

Services of S. Mary Magdalene Church:

Rev. J. H. H. Coleman, M. A., Vicar.

CHRISTMAS DAY.
8.00—Holy Communion.
10.30—Holy Communion and sermon. Special music.

SUNDAY, DEC. 26.
10.30—Morning prayer.
12.00—Sunday School.
7.00—Evening prayer.

HOTEL PAISLEY

CHRISTMAS DINNER
Price 75c.

Queen Stuffed Olives
Hearts of Celery. Mixed Pickles
SALAD
Waldorf Salad with Head Lettuce
FISH
Fillet of Salmon with Tartar Sauce
Baked Ontario White Fish
Lemon and Parsley
ENTREE
Orange Fritters and Paisley Sauce
Assorted Jellies
ROASTS
Mallard Duck with Lettuce and Currant Jelly
Roast Goose and Apple Sauce
Roast Farm Turkey and Cranberry Jelly
Roast Milk Fed Chicken with Chestnut Dressing
Baron of Lamb and Mint Sauce
VEGETABLES
Creamed Potatoes. French Peas
Baked Sweet Potatoes
New Spinach
DESSERT
Apple Pie. Pumpkin Pie.
Hot Mince Pie
Plum Pudding, London Sauce
Apples and Grapes
Nuts and Raisins
Tutti Fruit Ice Cream
Canadian and Kraft Cheese
Tea Coffee

Barn Burned.

Mr. Tom Beline, who lives at Roblindale, had the misfortune to lose his barn with all contens, by fire on Monday night about midnight. Six cows, two yearlings, 2 horses, a number of hens also his summer's crop were all lost. A small insurance is carried.

Canadian National Special Train Service for Christmas Holidays.

Special train leaves Napanee Dec. 25th at 3.04 a.m., and arrives in Montreal 8 a.m. Special train to Ottawa leaves at 5.17 p.m. Dec. 24th, arriving Ottawa 8.55 p.m., Dec. 24th. Special train to Montreal leaves Napanee 5.02 p.m. arriving Montreal 9.30 p.m. For tickets and further information apply to

J. L. BOYES & SON,
Napanee.

Curling.

At a meeting of the Central Ontario Curling League held in Kingston on Friday last, the following officers were elected:

J. A. Carr, President, Belleville.
C. I. Mayhee, Vice President, Napanee.
Percy D. Lyman, Secretary Treasurer, Kingston.

Napanee and Belleville will be the Western section of the League.

Kingston will hold a wide open bonspeil early in January.

Government Control Majority 255,639 in C. P. Compilation.

On the basis of complete returns from every constituency in which voting took place in the Provincial Election on December 1st, and many of which returns are official, compilation made by the Canadian Press show that the total vote was 1,103,985. On the election issue the vote was divided: For sale of liquor under Government control 679,812; for Ontario Temperance Act 424,173. Majority for Government Control, 255,639.

MOSCOW.

The people of its vicinity are glad to hear the sound of sleighbells again.

Many regret the sad death of E. S. Slone, who passed peacefully away on Friday last.

A pigy at Newburgh was enjoyed by many from here.

Miss Velma Ellerbeck spent a few days at Mr. R. Ellerbeck's.

Mr. and Mrs. Calvin Allen and daughter spent Sunday last at Mr. Fred Darling's.

Cecil Close has arrived home from the west.

Roy Lampkins is at William Allen's.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Patterson are at L. Huffman's.

Wm. Huffman spent an evening recently yat R. Brooks'.

Mr. Wilfred Wilson was a recent visitor at Mr. Archie Asselline's.

Harry Kerr is at M. Townsend's.

Miss Florence Huffman spent last week-end with her parents.

Mr. Henry Huffman spent an evening recently it Mrs. Herrington's.

Mr. A. McQuay is at Wm. Allen's.

Ross Reid and Allen Huffman are dressing clover around Sydenham.

A small Ad. in the "Want" column in the Napanee Express will bring results.

TRINITY UNITED CHURCH

Rev. W. R., Tanton, Pastor.

CHRISTMAS SERVICES.

10.30 a.m.—Public worship. Subject "The Message of Christmas."

11.35 a.m.—Church School and Bible Classes.

6.30—Organ recital.

7.00—Evening worship. Subject "Christmas in Song and Story."

Special Christmas music at both services.

Jan. 3-7—United week of prayer.

Spearing—Shetior.

A quiet wedding took place on Saturday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Spearing, South Fredericksburgh, when their second daughter, Miss Ethel, became the bride of Mr. Donald Shetior, only son of Mr. Matthew Shetior. About thirty relatives and close friends of the families were present. Following the ceremony, which was performed by Rev. W. G. Swayne, Bath, a wedding lunch was served and the young people left from Napanee to spend their honeymoon with the groom's uncles, Messrs. Tom and Fred Lowry, at Barberton, Ohio.

John J. Haines, Merchant, Dead.

In the passing of J. J. Haines after a short illness at his home, 120 Victoria Ave., Belleville, on the 19th inst., the city loses one of its most respected and esteemed citizens. Born in Kingston, Ont., in the year 1844, and commencing in Belleville in the year 1864, at the age of 21, he embarked in the shoe business which he conducted with great success for the long period of 62 years. He was a man of many sterling qualities, beloved by all with whom he was associated. Besides his widow, left to mourn his loss, there survive two sons, W. Haines, also of Belleville; Russell B. Haines, of Trenton, and one daughter, Mrs. W. S. Shetior, of Montreal; also two sisters, Mrs. R. Irving, of Hamilton, and Mrs. W. G. Lockett, of Kingston. Mr. Haines was the proprietor of the Haines shoe store in Napanee, which Mr. F. J. Roblin is manager. The funeral takes place this (Tuesday) afternoon.

Atwater Kent Radios. Get yours at Gibbard's.

The ice on the river was in excellent condition during the week-end and a large number of young people enjoyed the skating.

Edmonton, Alta., Dec. 13.—Torrential rain, snow, summer-like heat, a drop to zero, a 40-mile-an-our gale, a howling blizzard and the lowest barometer pressure in at least 12 years mark the weather of Friday and Saturday, weather which is probably without parallel in its many vagaries in so few hours, in Alberta's weather history. All Friday afternoon and most of the evening rain fell heavily, sweeping the streets bare of surface snow down to the glazed ice of the first snowfall; frozen hard to the road surface. At midnight rain gauges showed .38 inches of rain and .01 of snow during the day—in itself a remarkable record for this time of year. The thermometer then stood at 45 above. Then came the wind, screaming wildly out of the northwest, bringing a real old-time blizzard. Down dropped the thermometer—down to zero—while the blizzard roared in its wildest fury on Saturday morning.

ADOLPHUSTOWN.

We have been enjoying good sleighing for over a week, an unusual privilege so early in the season. A few venturesome spirits have walked across the bay, but the ice cannot impose while covered with snow.

Mrs. R. M. Roblin entertained the Women's Institute for their December meeting. A resolution was passed that the women voters exercise their franchise at the municipal election.

Mrs. Jas. Norland has gone to Kingston to spend the winter.

The Young People's Society spent an enjoyable evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Foster on Thursday evening last. It was decided to discontinue the regular meetings until after the new year on account of so many Christmas activities.

A joint meeting of the Women's Missionary Society and the Ladies' Aid was held at F. Loyst's on Tuesday evening. An interesting programme was presented.

The Sunday School is arranging for a Christmas entertainment. The public schools are also practising for concerts.

Mr. N. O'Neil, tax collector, made his rounds last week.

THE RUSH TO THE CITIES.

Trend From Country to City Has Increased Since 1910.

Statistics compiled in the United States show that the trend of population from the country to the city has increased since 1910.

To-day more than half the entire population of the public is living in urban territory. That is to say 50.9 per cent. are living in incorporated towns, and 49.1 per cent. in rural territory. This condition of affairs has been attracting more than ordinary interest and discussion.

In Canada also the rush to the cities has aroused concern. Not long ago the Minister of Agriculture of Quebec declared that a movement has become necessary to attract people back to the land.

Now that good roads are becoming more common and traffic between cities and country districts has become easier, it has been suggested in the United States that money shall be set aside by the Legislatures so that travelling motion picture shows can frequently visit small places.

The suggestion has also been made that the State ought to organize various country clubs in which young people can meet and enjoy the amenities of social life.

'Phone 92 for clean coal—**VanLuven. We make it hot for you.**

ATWATER KENT RADIO

ALL Stations within range with half a turn of

ONE DIAL

It's real, honest-to-goodness **One Dial** generation. There are no secondary tuning adjustments to confuse and delay you.

It's so simple that stations can't help coming in when you turn the **One Dial.**

Installed in a cabinet with enclosed loudspeaker and battery compartment if desired.

Five Tube, Six Tube, Seven Tube, One Dial or Three Dials.

You know Atwater Kent's reputation in your car ignition.

NUFF SED
Demonstration any time.

GIBBARD'S
HOUSE FURNISHINGS
NAPANEE.

Specific Needs of the Manufacturer

THE Standard Bank, through its local manager, is ready to assist the manufacturer in all services offered by foremost banking institutions of to-day. But we endeavor to supplement these services by making it our business to offer suggestions to promote efficiency in the conduct of his transactions. We have been privileged to materially improve the financial facilities of certain manufacturers with whom we do business, by inaugurating unique systems, to suit their financial requirements with the Standard Bank.

BANKING FIFTY YEARS

THE STANDARD BANK OF CANADA

NAPANEE BRANCH—H. R. McHoull, *Manager*
Branches also at Belleville, Camden East, Deseronto, Newburgh, Tamworth

WHERE RESTS YOUR LOVED ONE

there place the most enduring, the most beautiful evidence of your affection and devotion possible to obtain—a monument in imperishable **Marble or Granite,** designed, carved and erected by us, specialists in this work.

We will make special designs for you at the lowest possible cost.

Talk it over with

WM. M. HOWITT,
Napanee, - Ontario

ASSURANCE

THOSE who employ us have the assurance that they will receive the highest degree of service and satisfaction. We are equipped to handle a commission in a thorough manner. Our services are dependable and polite.

MASTERS & TIERNEY UNDERTAKERS
FULL MOTOR EQUIPMENT
MATTRESSES, WINDOW SHADES
PHONE 67

WONDERLAND

WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY

Charming Natalie Kingston, who plays her initial feminine lead for First National opposite Milton Sills in "THE SILENT LOVER."

Also two good comedies.

FRIDAY and SATURDAY

Tom Mix and his wonder horse "Tony" are shown in America's most scenic section, the Apache trail, in Fox Films latest production, "TONY RUNS WILD."

Also a 2-reel Western.

Also a two reel comedy.

MONDAY and TUESDAY

A herd of 10,000 head of buffalo was stampeded for one of the spectacular scenes in "THE CALGARY STAMPEDE," a Universal-Jewel, starring Hoot Gibson.

Also a good comedy.

Saturday a special matinee at 2.30 o'clock. Children under 12 years of age will be admitted free.

GEO. TUSTIN, Prop
Napanee's Leading Theatre
The Home of Good Photo Plays.

SIMPLE MIXTURE STOPS GAS BLOATING

Simple buckthorn bark, glycerine, etc., as mixed in Adlerika, often helps stomach trouble in TEN minutes by removing GAS. Brings out a surprising amount of old waste matter you never thought was in your system. Stops that full, bloated feeling and makes you enjoy eating. Excellent for chronic constipation. Adlerika works QUICK and delightfully easy. Wallace's Drug Store.

Atwater Kent Radios. Get yours at Gibbard's.

SLEIGHS AND CUTTERS
SPENCER & SON, MARKET SQUARE, NAPANEE. 2-6

For Christmas

Potted Plants, 40c. to $1.50 each.
All kinds of Nuts, 20c. to 49c. per lb.
Oranges, any size, from 29c. to 59c. dozen.
Bananas, 45c. and 50c. dozen.
Grapes, 25c. a lb.
Grapefruit, 3 for 23c.
Green Onions, 2 bunches for 15c.
Celery, 5c. to 15c. bunch.
Head Lettuce, 15c. to 20c. head.
Spanish Onions, 4 lbs. for 25c.
Fresh Oysters.
All kinds of Candies—low prices.

ALL NICE FRESH STOCK.
COME AND SEE FOR YOURSELVES.

R. BOVA

ONTARIO BUSINESS COLLEGE, LIMITED
BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO.

Has for 58 years maintained the highest standards in thorough business training. Students come here from Newfoundland, Bermuda, British West Indies, South America, the United States and all parts of Canada.
Write for the College catalogue.

J. L. MOORE, Principal.
dec21

Christmas Photographs!

Special Prices on all Christmas Work

Before deciding call and see me. I can save you money on any size pictures that you want.

I Specialize in Child-Photography

BERTRAM F. HAWLEY

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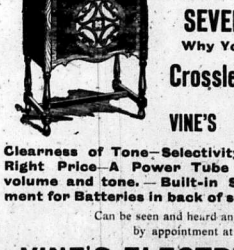

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PALACE OF GRAND LAMA

IS NOW BRILLIANTLY LIGHTED BY ELECTRICITY.

Palace Is One of the Greatest Marvels of Architecture of All Time—Enters "Forbidden City" and Holds Secret Interview With Lama.

Conveniences of civilization are at last penetrating Tibet, according to Stuart M. Emery, writing for the New York Times, who tells us that the palace of the Grand Lama in the "Forbidden City" of Lhasa is now lighted by electricity. The lighting plant was installed by a Tibetan engineer, who, as earlier rumor stated, had been assassinated as an accomplice of the Evil One, and his machinery hurled into a nearby gorge.

The palace, which now flashes with electric light, is one of the greatest marvels of architecture of all time. The Chinese writer Tu Ching-i-tung Chih describes its tremendous bulk crowning a mountain as a "wondrous peak of green, with its halls perched on the summit, resplendent with vermilion, and combining natural beauty with architectural charm."

Another Eastern picture of the mighty palace is that of Chundra Das, who wrote:

"Arriving at the east gate of the Potala, we dismounted and walked through a long hall, on either side of which were rows of prayer-wheels, which every passer-by put in motion. Then, ascending three rough flights of stone steps, we left our ponies in care of a bystander—for no one may ride further—and proceeded toward the palace under the guidance of a young monk. We had to climb up five ladders before we reached the ground floor of the Red Palace. Then we had half a dozen more ladders to climb, and we found ourselves at the top of the Potala. There are nine stories to the building. The view from here was beautiful beyond compare; the broad valley of the Kyichu, in the centre of which stands the great city, surrounded by green groves; the gilt spires of the Jokang and the other temples of Lhasa, and further away the great monasteries of Sera and Debung, behind which rose the dazzling mountains."

A mighty pile indeed, whose golden finials, it has been estimated, rise to a height of 436 feet above the ground. But its interior, according to Perceval Landon, whose account of the Younghusband expedition gave the world probably its most authentic modern description of Tibet, is a hopeless disappointment. He mentions miles of labyrinthine corridors, bare and dirty chapels where butter-lamps burn before images; cluttered courtyards and barren chambers. "A dreary and dirty palace," is the way he sums it up, and yet it remains a glorious monument of architecture. The original palace was destroyed by the Chinese invasion of 670. The present structure was completed in 1642, and through huge additions has grown to tremendous size.

The best description of the ruler of Tibet, always is that given by Dr. William Montgomery McGovern, who penetrated Lhasa in disguise two or three years ago. It was one of the most daring ventures of modern days by a white man in Asia in recent times. Dr. McGovern not only met the Grand Lama in a private interview in the Potala by night, but returned with a highly interesting account of "Him" by him to me. He is a smallish man, lighted in build and with a head longer and more oval than most Tibetans," he wrote. "A childhood attack of smallpox had left slight traces upon his countenance but these were almost invisible in the gloom. His head was shaven, as befits a lamapriest, but he had long, pointed moustaches, which he had learned in India to wax. He was a man who obviously was accustomed to be regarded as a god, and who, moreover had a firm belief in his own divinity, and yet there was a great quietness, even modesty, about his manner.

"His personal life is above suspicion. He is rigid in his celibacy and in his abstinence from strong drink and tobacco. His food is simple, and his dress on ordinary occasions is scarcely to be distinguished from that of an ordinary monk. He prefers to reside as much as possible in his villa, rather than in the palace city. Instead of living in state, attended with pomp and ceremony, in the Potala, one of the most magnificent palaces in the world, he is to be obviously concerned with this world's affairs. He is ambitious in a cool, calculating way, strongly desirous to magnify his power and to weaken opposition."

Disguised as a Sikkimese pilgrim, Dr. McGovern arrived at Lhasa on the eve of the Tibetan New Year, which falls on February 16. At this festival the normal 20,000 population of the Sacred City is swelled to 100,000. Knowing that he would be in danger of losing his life if he were discovered by the throng of fanatical pilgrims, Dr. McGovern resolved to disclose himself to a high official to whose home he had been directed. The official's face went blank at the announcement of the explorer's name and neither pleasantly nor unpleasantly had happened to be the northerner's had issued orders that Dr. McGovern be apprehended and turned over to his visit. Official hostility was established, however, and an interview with the Grand Lama was arranged.

Broken Heart.

O'Flanagan, the Irishman, came to his home one evening with a disturbing air and an expression of gloom on his face in gloom. To every question that was asked he replied by a shake of his head. With a shudder that might be portrayed into an earthquake.

"What's the matter with you?" asked his wife, "what's the matter with you? What are you wearing that mournful-looking tie for?"

Mike gave a groan that came from the heart.

"I'm wearing it for your first husband," he said. "I'm sorry he's dead."

Year's Production of Salt.

In the year 1925 the production of salt in Canada exceeded all previous records. Shipments during the year totalled 2?5,?46 tons as compared with 207,979 tons produced in 1924. The production in Ontario amounted to 226,315 tons or 97 per cent. of the total; Nova Scotia and Alberta contributed the remainder. The year's shipment of 823 from Alberta came from the Fort McMurray district, where development work in the salt industry has been carried on for a considerable time. Nova Scotia's production consisted of salt mined at Malagash.

HUNTING THE WALRUS.

Hide Possesses Qualities Peculiar to Itself as Polishing Medium.

Walrus hunting has become such a profitable industry, that, like whaling, the creature itself is in danger of being exterminated.

Walrus hide varying in its original state from half an inch to an inch and a half in thickness, possesses qualities peculiar to itself as a polishing medium, the thicker the better.

Closely and firmly grained, the tough, flexible structure of the leather will hold in its meshes such polishing materials as pumice, emery, crocus and other abrasives which, combined with its own peculiar qualities, will produce on any metal a clean, smooth surface that will hold a more durable and brilliant mirror polish than may be otherwise obtained for silverware, cutlery, firearms, gas and electric fixtures, and surgical appliances.

Walrus leather wheels are cut from the hide in the thickness of the wheel desired. Strips of leather also are frequently cut and used to cover wooden wheels, the life of their surfaces being proportionate to the thickness of the hide.

The economy of using extra thick leather for this purpose is obvious, as the loss of time in re-covering wheels with thin leather, which wear out rapidly, often costs more than would a suitably thick walrus covering, to say nothing of the poorer work produced by thin leather.

An erroneous idea prevails in the metal goods trade that because song of this leather is used in the manufacture of expensive pocket-books and bags, its price is prohibitive for polishing purposes. It is frankly claim that, considering the length of wear, it is cheaper than felt and almost all other materials used for this purpose, and that to this economic consideration is due its use as a polishing agent.

Walrus hunting is incidental to whaling voyages in the Arctic regions, the animals being killed while the boats are on the look-out for whales. They are shot and then harpooned, the harpoon rope being attached to an airtight cask, as otherwise the animals would sink and be lost.

The experienced hunter will not shoot a walrus in the body. The true marksman aims at the base of the skull. A bullet reaching this part is always fatal.

Immediately after the carcase has been hauled aboard the vessel it is skinned. The skins are stored away in the hold of the vessel and picked in salt until the end of the long homeward journey. They are then sold through factors to tanners, who use the old bark method of tanning, which takes from one to three years to cure the hide properly.

England maintains the only market for these raw walrus hides, for the reason that the British tanners appear to be the only ones who have made a success of the art of tanning them for polishing purposes.

Counting the Stars.

Prof. Frederick H. Sears, of the Mount Wilson Observatory, recently finished counting the stars in the heavens. The seemingly impossible task he accomplished by mathematical calculations, and he has, therefore, not see even with the most powerful telescope 97 per cent. of them.

First, he divided the sky into squares. Then, taking 139 of the squares, he photographed all the stars included in each space with the great 60-inch reflecting telescope of Mount Wilson Observatory, which collects 50,000 times as much light as the human eye. A count of the stars in the 139 squares revealed 1,000,000,000.

The 139 squares, however, represented only the 1/2,500th part of the sky, and included stars only to the twenty-first magnitude. So the professor worked out a system for counting stars of each succeeding magnitude, and by an intricate calculation arrived at the final count of 20,000,000,000.

Beef Helps Brewers.

Most of us are aware that the by-products from meat-packing factories are used for making fertilizer, glue and so on. But it is only within the last few years that they have been able to say that nothing is lost from the carcass of an animal killed for food.

The fine hairs from the ears of cattle are made into brushes for oil and water-color painting, while the long hairs from the tail are preserved for the stuffing of automobile seats. Oxzall is used in the mixing of water-colors and as an ingredient of varnish.

Calves' heads are still a favorite dish, but it pays better to keep them for the preparation of a kind of gelatine purchased by brewers to make isinglass for purifying beer. It is odd that the Food Controller during the British national dish should also assist in the manufacture of the British national drink.

His Responsibility.

Few men have more popular lar love songs than Ernest R. Ball, the composer of "Love and the World Is Mine," "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling," "A Little Bit of Heaven," and "In the Garden of My Heart."

They have brought him fame and fortune, but apparently he is not altogether happy about them.

"It is a big responsibility to launch a succession of this kind of song on a romance-loving and sentimental world," remarked Mr. Ball whimsically to an interviewer. "Thousands of people have married after hearing 'Love Me and the World Is Mine,' are now blaming me."

TO USE CANADA'S ETHER

Australia Wants Direct Radio Touch With Britain.

Montreal and Vancouver May Become Giant Broadcasting Station for the Purpose of Relaying News and Programs Between These Countries —Cost Will Be $10,000,000.

Nowhere in the world, perhaps, has radio a greater future of possibilities than in this country of vast and magnificent distances. An instance of this is recorded in a brief Canadian Press despatch from Vancouver, which states that about one-sixty-fourth of a second was required to transmit the sound of an orchestra and a human voice from a Vancouver broadcasting station to the wilds of Baffinland by radio. It took more than five months for a letter telling about the reception to reach Vancouver from that remote corner of the Dominion.

Late in May officers of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police outpost at Ellesmere Island picked up a radio program broadcast from Vancouver, and on the following day a letter was written to the station announcing the fact. The letter was borne out of the frozen North by dog-team, snowshoe messenger, motor stage and train.

Programs broadcast from Vancouver have also been picked up recently by receiving apparatus as far south as New Zealand, some 13,000 miles away.

If plans now understood to be under way mature, Canada's ether may be a busy sight of way for powerful messages circling half the globe in the near future. Montreal and Vancouver may shortly become locations for giant broadcasting stations erected for the purpose or relaying news and programs between Great Britain and Australia under this new scheme.

Establishment of these superbroadcasting stations is to be separate and distinct from the Empire beam wireless project which aroused considerable interest a few weeks ago. Advices have been received from Australia to the effect that the main object of the broadcasting plan, as far as Australia is concerned, is to bring that country into direct radio touch with Great Britain. Prospects for this, however, are not regarded as very encouraging by experts, who claim that a relaying system would give quickest results.

Wireless authorities, business men, and the public generally, have considered the proposal in Australia, and the assistance of the Commonwealth Government is being sought. There are two alternate plans: one involving a route via Port Said, Calcutta, or Madras, with stations at these or nearby points; and the other a route direct from Australia to Vancouver, thence to Montreal, and across the Atlantic.

The present broadcasting station at Rugby, England, can now be clearly heard in Montreal, and it is proposed that the Montreal station should transmit, in turn, to a station in Vancouver, the latter sending the remainder of the distance across the Pacific.

The scheme would cost approximately $10,000,000 by way of Canada, and considerably more if the route via the Suez were chosen.

Bird-Love at Its Best.

There are not two more devoted little lovers to be found than a pair of linnets. "I have often looked upon acts of devotion in the birds' world, but if you want to see bird-love at its best you must watch the home life of the linnet," says Mr. Oliver G. Pike, the well-known ornithologist. "Almost the first thing they perform at the nest speaks of happiness, and you could not find any birds more delighted with their young. If enemies approach, and they are surrounded, the hen will fall to the ground, showing the greatest bravery, and by feigning a broken wing or leg will draw herself along, keeping dangerously near the cat or weasel, but always managing to get from the nest. While she is bravely doing her duty the male will stand by, humming cheerfully to his mate and wings until his mate returns. But when at last the young are able to fly they are led from the nest, and they never return to it. Then the beautifully made home is deserted, and three weeks later the parents prepare to rear another family in a new nest.

A Way With Weight.

Many stout people will be glad to hear that a French chemist has discovered a new anti-fat treatment which involves no taking of medicine or practicing of hard exercises, but can in fact be carried on with ease.

All that is necessary, besides adopting a simple non-fattening diet, is to follow a course of breathing, the principle of which is that very little air should be inhaled and as much as possible expelled from the lungs. Thus the carrier pigeon only twenty times a day at intervals of half an hour, the usual "dose" being ten times. Normal breathing is resumed after each spell.

Hundreds of patients are said to have benefited by this treatment. One is reported to have lost fifteen pounds in twenty days, while another is said to have lost sixty pounds in eight months.

BILL NYE'S JOKES

Some of His Best Were Produced on the Spur of the Moment.

Some of the good things remembered of Bill Nye were not his imagination, but something produced on the spur of the moment. There is the story of his meeting with Herman, the magician, in an Ohio town. They were staying at the same hotel, and in the dining-room one day the magician invited the humorist to sit at his table. He did so, but asked that no tricks be played on him, to which Hermann agreed. The meal had not gone very far when Herman called Nye's attention to the fact that there was some foreign substance in his lettuce. Nye said that there always was something of the kind, but he started when He saw a diamond ring lying under a leaf. He recovered himself quickly, and summoning the waiter asked him to accept it as a gift from him. The story goes that the Invish magician had some trouble in re-entering into possession of his property. On another occasion he was making a joint lecture tour with James Whitcomb Riley, and one night Riley, looking through the peep-hole of the theatre curtain, said: "Bill, the house is just about empty." "I don't see why," replied Nye; "we've never been here before."

The following story is also authentic:—

I once asked for a certificate of deposit for $2,000, but was told I had to be identified. "Why," I said to the bank teller, "you surely don't require a man to be identified when he deposits money, do you?"

"Yes, that's the idea. Hurry up, please! Don't keep men waiting who have money and know how to do business."

"Then suppose I get myself identified by a man I know and a man who can leave his business and come here for the purpose of identifying me. How would it be about your ability to identify yourself as the man you claim to be?"

"We don't care especially whether you trade here or not. Our rules are that a man who makes a deposit must be identified."

"All right. Do you know Queen Victoria?"

"No, I do not."

"Well, then there is no use disturbing her. Do you know any other of the crowned heads?"

"No, sir."

"Well, then, do you know President Cleveland, or any of the Cabinet, or the Senate or members of the House?"

"No."

"That's it, you see. I move in one set and you in another."

I took a roll of $100 one spring, and hunted for it in vain. I went over the road twenty times, but it was useless. I then advertised the loss of the money, giving the different denominations of the bills and stating, as was the case, that there was an elastic band around the roll when lost.

The paper had not been issued more than an hour before I got my money, every dollar of it. It was in the pocket of my other vest! This should teach us, first, the value of advertising, and, secondly, the utter folly of two vests at the same time.

Sleeping In Pots.

In some portions of Egypt each household has one pot, a big, bulged-mouthed shape like a teacup and standing on the small end and the rim or lip outstanding to a noticeable degree. Those home things are made to be sold in the hot summer, and at night the whole family climbs in and sleeps in them. Other than these, cooking, and such things cannot be done. The very sides of the

HOMES WITHOUT WORRY.

Inventions That Claim to Do Everything.

As we are here to help others, I introduce you to a number of quaint inventions that made their bow at the recent Inventions Exhibition at Westminster, writes a Tit-Bits man.

If you are a traveller, a first-class return-about sleeper, you lose the bed-clothes and gain a cold. But the "Kleep-Tuk" will keep you—a fuggy child—covered, and warm. It's a small strap-grip-spring gadget. The strap secures it to the side of the bedstead, the grip takes the bed-clothes, and the spring allows you full freedom of movement. But you can't get rid of the blankets.

And here's a notion called the "Pocket Desk." You sit in a chair reading a book. You must hold it in your hands. But the "Pocket Desk" frees your hands. It is a skeleton frame of silk cord suspended from the neck by a ribbon. The cords support a little book-size platform, adjustable to eye-distance, rad on that you place your book. Women can knit as they read, or work, if required. Two cradles—one on each side. Students can read, and with free hand make notes. Out of use, the desk folds up and goes easily into a handbag or pocket.

The "Protectorim" is the brainchild of a housewife. It is a rubber band for fixing to the bottom rims of baskets, pails, scuttles, baths, hot-water cans, tea-pots, and so on. No noise of crashed-down pails, no damage to tiles, no chipping, no denting. A long-felt domestic want supplied at last.

Exit the old-fashioned sawdust pincushion which, as women know, absorbed damp, rusted pins, and blunted needles, and in the end had to be re-covered to stop pins and needles being absorbed in the widening holes. The "Kilpin Pin Cushion," shortly to be launched, is on a little frame covered with thousands of synthetic glass threads wound at right-angles to each other. No dust, no rust. And the "glass" sharpens the needles. It lasts for ever.

Millions of gas-rings are in use. When required, they must be handlighted. "Where's the matches—?" Off comes kettle or saucepan—and the gas is so often left burning. But here's the "Skylux" ring. It lights automatically when the kettle is put on it, and goes out when the kettle is removed.

Another ingenious device, patented as a "Cachon" tableware, prevents forks, spoons, and so on from slipping and slithering into a plate or dish. A small catch is on the end of a spoon or fork, and that catches on—hence "Cachon"—the edge of the dish. Simple.

Then there's "Old Nick's Toaster," something new and quaint in toasting-forks. You can't burn your fingers, scorch your complexion, break the bread, or get in a mess. Fire.

If you have to use a pencil frequently, and are always mislaying it, the inventor of the "Ollo" pencil is your friend. A spring (enabling you to write at arm's length) is on the pencil, and a safety-pin on the spring. The pin fastens right to your coat—and there it is, always.

"ALKALI LAKES."

Contains 115,000,000 Tons of Hydrons Salts.

One of war's demands may have a valuable though unexpected result in Canada. The world-wide search for potash for explosives purposes led to the staking of claims on many of the "alkali lakes" and sloughs in the Prairie provinces and in British Columbia, says the Toronto Mail and Empire. Little or no potash was found there, but prospectors, those valuable pioneers of the continent, did find sodium compounds principally in the form of sulphates, carbonates and chlorides. These deposits have been investigated by the Department of Mines during the past four years, and much valuable information has been obtained by them.

Sodium sulphate in the western deposits occurs as Mirabilite or Glauber's salt, containing about 55 per cent. of water of chemical combination, and for most industrial uses it is necessary to convert it into the dry form known as salt cake. Sodium sulphate finds many applications in chemical industries, but up to the present about 85 per cent. of the consumption in Canada is by the pulp and other countries. The largest consumers in Canada are the manufacturers of kraft paper who, in past years, have imported about 30,000 tons of salt cake annually. Probably 1,000 tons of sodium sulphate are used each year in the manufacture of dyes. Dye works use 1,300 to 1,500 tons a year. Between 3,000 and 4,000 tons of sodium acid sulphate in the form of "nitre cake" are used in nickel refineries. Glauber's salt is used medicinally as an aperient. Small amounts of sodium sulphate or salt cake are used in the manufacture of glass bottles and other containers.

The Canadian natural sodium sulphate has many advantages over that of the United States. In 1925 third place was captured by Peru, whose production exceeded that of Canada by slightly over one and a half million ounces.

The principal producing areas in Canada are, in order of their importance, Ontario, British Columbia, and Yukon. Silver ores have also been found in other parts of the Dominion but the total production from these areas has been small. The total recorded production to the end of 1925 is 492 million fine ounces, which is put being slightly in excess of 20 million ounces. The market price of silver fluctuates from day to day;

Canadian World's Grain Champion

When Herman Trelle, of Wembley, Alberta, commenced homesteading in 1920, he confessed that he knew very little about farming. But when the awards were made at the 1926 International Live Stock Exposition and Grain and Hay Show at Chicago, Herman Trelle had broken a world's record; he had won the grand championships in both wheat and oats and was the first exhibitor to win both of these crowns.

The new wheat and oats champion was born at Kendrick, Idaho, 31 years ago and came to Alberta with his parents in 1900. He was educated at Edmonton and graduated from the University of Alberta as a civil engineer. During the war, he served with the Canadian Air Force, and in 1920, while on a survey in the Peace River country, northwest of Edmonton, he located on his original homestead of 160 acres. He now farms 800 acres and in ten years has made him self independent, in this new agricultural area where millions of acres of good land still await settlement.

In the sixteen years of the International competitions at Chicago, this is the fourteenth time the award of the grand championship has come to a Canadian. Trelle's prize-winning wheat was of the Marquis variety, which was originated at the Canadian Government Experimental Farm at Ottawa, by Dr. Charles Saunders in 1904. It was a sample from a 58-acre field, which yielded about 4,000 bushels of approximately 70 bushels to the acre. His prize-winning oats were Victory strain which yielded about 150 bushels to the acre.—Canadian National Railways photograph.

"ONLY A DOG."

Saved His Master From a Watery Grave in Lake Superior.

Prince is "only a dog," but he saved his master, Mr. George Graham, from a watery grave in turbulent Lake Superior. The despatch does not say how either Mr. Graham or Prince fell about it afterward. Doubtless the former was as grateful as a human being could be and vowed he would never lose a chance to express his gratitude. His canoe, paddle gone, was drifting rapidly out into the big and stormy lake, when he thought of tying Prince to the painter and trusting him to swim to shore 500 yards away. Prince towed canoe and master to safety.

Now if Prince had been a man—well, if he had been a man he could not have done it. But if it had been a man who had rescued Mr. Graham the latter would have been under very great obligation to him. So would the community in general, for is this not the sort of deed that marks the real man, the man of heroic and noble mould. People would crowd around and praise him, perhaps feed him who had rescued Mr. Graham themselves is shaking his hand. Some one would apply for his behalf for a Carnegie medal as a recognition of his heroism. He would be duly recorded in the list of heroes; there might even be a public meeting in the Town Hall, with a presentation by the mayor.

But Prince is "only a dog," says the Toronto Globe. If he was able to stand up after his strenuous exertion, he probably went to his master with vigorously wagging tail to show his happiness, and with an expression on his face as near to laughter as he could get it, hoping his master was pleased and would pet him a little. If he was too weak to stand, he wagged his tail and trusted his master would come to him.

Being "only a dog," he was not interested in a medal or a public demonstration. He had shown his faithfulness and performed a superhuman task. What greater reward could a real dog ask than an opportunity to do this?

OUR SILVER PRODUCTION.

In 1925 Canada's Production Was Valued at $13,815,742.

Canada has held the premier place within the empire as the greatest producer of silver for the past two decades. During the last few years Canada has been the third largest producing country in the world, being outranked only by Mexico and the United States. In 1925 third place was captured by Peru, whose production exceeded that of Canada by slightly over one and a half million ounces.

The principal producing areas in Canada are, in order of their importance, Ontario, British Columbia, and Yukon. Silver ores have also been found in other parts of the Dominion but the total production from these areas has been small. The total recorded production to the end of 1925 is 492 million fine ounces, which is put being slightly in excess of 20 million ounces. The market price of silver fluctuates from day to day;

the highest yearly averages were recorded on the London market in 1923 and 1924 at $1.3?3, and in 1920 at $1.?46. The lowest price was in 1915 at $0.5?8. The total market value placed on Canada's production during the years for which records are available (1887 to 1925) is $?2?,?00, and on average market values from year to year, was $318,826,880. In 1925 the production was valued at $13,815,742.

The mines of Cobalt, South Lorrain and Gowganda, all in the province of Ontario, are at present the principal silver producers in Ontario's mines have contributed slightly over 262.2 million ounces to the accumulated total of Canada's silver production, while only 14 ounces were produced prior to 1902, the year of the discovery of the Cobalt area. The silver production in Ontario for each of the past four years was 10.2 million ounces. Dividends paid out to the end of 1925 by silver companies operating in Northern Ontario amounted to approximately $?6,?00,000.

Silver production in British Columbia and the Yukon is derived from lead-zinc ores. The present rate of production in British Columbia is about 8,500,000 ounces per annum; Yukon production in 1925 was about 905,000 ounces.

"OCEAN" PINT.

Bottle Drifts From Florida to Far-off Shetland Isles.

The Shetland Isles face the Atlantic storms for 200 miles, so there is merely that not a tree lifts its head on the islands. But what the ocean takes away with one hand it hurls back with the other, for the sea throws ashore timber and driftwood.

Some of the timber could tell a story, and some of the driftwood, though has a long sea yarn behind it. The first fires that were lit on Shetland when the Stone Circle builders lived there were made of timber and driftwood that perhaps had been carried by the current of the Gulf Stream all the way from Florida and the Gulf of Mexico.

Last year a fisherman on a steamer off Palm Beach, in Florida, dropped a bottle in the sea containing a letter. He thought the bottle would surely be washed ashore sometime in the United States, but not the idea that it would be carried to the New World, and deposited it on the shores of Shetland, where it has likely been picked up.

Pulp Mill for Terrebonne.

A pulp mill will be erected at Terrebonne, Que., by the Quebec Pulp and Paper Corporation, Limited, of Montreal. Construction of the plant is to be started this month and completed by the end of 1927. The mill will have a daily capacity of 100 tons of sulphite pulp.

Aluminum powders made in Canada in 1925 had a total value of $3,1??.

305 in 1925.

Gifts for the Boy!

Skates, hockey sticks, handsleighs, jack-knives, flashlights, watches, air guns and rifles.

WILSON'S HARDWARE.

The Strength of the Pines

By Edison Marshall

Author of "The Voice of the Pack"

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

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Its weapon was just a sound—a loud crash in a distant thicket—and a pungent message on the wind that their human senses were too blunt to receive. The horse suddenly snorted loudly, then reared up. Bruce saw as in a tragic dream the girl struggle to hold him; he saw her pulled down into the snow and the rein jerked from her hand. Then the animal plunged, wheeled and raced at top speed away into the snow flurries. Some terror that as yet they could not name had broken their control of him and in an instant taken from them their one last hope of safety.

"Oh, Bruce," She Cried, "Come Back Soon—Soon. Don't Leave Me to Die Alone."

CHAPTER XXX

Bruce walked over to Linda, waiting in the snow on her knees. It was not an intentional posture. She had been jerked down by the plunging horse, and she had not yet completely risen. But the sight of her slight figure, her raised white face, her clasped hands, and the remorseless snow of the wilderness about her moved Bruce to his depths.

He saw her but dimly in the snow flurries, and she looked as if she were in an attitude of prayer.

He came rather slowly, and he even smiled a little. And she gave him a wan, strange little smile in return.

"We're down to cases at last," he said, with a rather startling quietness of tone. "You see what it means?"

She nodded, then got to her feet.

"We can walk out, if we are let alone and given time; it isn't that we are obliged to have the horse. But our blankets are on its back, and this storm is steadily becoming a blizzard. And you see— time is one thing that we don't have. No human being can stand this cold for long unprotected."

"And we can't keep going—keep warm by walking?"

His answer was to take out his knife and put the point of the steel to his thumb nail. His eyes strained, then looked up. "A little way," he answered, "but we can't keep our main directions. The sun doesn't even cast a shadow on my nail to show us which is west. We could keep up a while, perhaps, but there is no end to this wilderness and at noon or tonight—the result would be the same."

"It means—the end?"

"If I can't catch the horse, I'm going now. If we can regain the blankets—by getting in rifle range of the horse—we might make a fire and get shelter in the snow and last out until we can see our way and get our bearings. You don't know of any shelter—any cave or cabin where we might build a fire?"

"No. There are some in the hills, but we can't see our way to find them."

"I know. I should have thought of that. And you see, we can't build a fire here—everything is wet, and the snow is becoming so thick that we couldn't keep it going. If we should stagger on all day in this storm and this snow, we couldn't endure the night." He smiled again. "And I want you to climb a tree—and stay there—until I come back."

She looked at him dully. "What's the use, Bruce? You won't come back. You'll chase the thing until you die—I know you. You don't know when to quit. And if you don't want to come back—you couldn't find the way. I'm going with you."

"No." Once more she started to disobey, but the grave displeasure in his eyes restrained her. "It's going to take all my strength to fight through that snow—I must go fast—and maybe life and death will have to depend on your strength at the end of the trail. You must save it—the little you have left. Since I must take the rifle—to shoot the horse if I can't catch him—you must climb a tree. You know why."

"Partly to hide from Simon if he comes this way. And partly—"

"Because there's some danger in that thicket beyond?" he interrupted her. "The horse's terror was real—besides, you heard the sound. It might be only a panda. But it might be—the Killer. Swing your arms and struggle all you can to keep the blood flowing. I won't be gone long."

He started to go, and she ran after him with outstretched arms. "Oh, Bruce," she cried, "come back soon—soon. Don't leave me to die alone. I'm not strong enough for that—"

He whirled, took two paces back, and his arms went about her. He had forgotten, in his fierce longing, he kissed her cool lips and smiled into her eyes. Then at once the flurries hid him.

The girl climbed up into the branches of a fir tree. In the thicket beyond a great gray form racked back and forth, trying to locate a scent that a second before he had caught but dimly and had lost. It was the Killer, and his temper was lost long ago in the whirling snow.

His anger was upon him, partly from the discomfort of the storm, partly from the constant, gnawing pain of three bullet wounds in his powerful body. Besides, he realized the presence of his old and greatest enemy—those stall, slight forms that had crossed him so many times, that had stung him with their bullets, and whose weakness he had learned.

And then all at once he caught the scent plain. He lurched forward, crashed again through the brush, and walked out into the snow-swept open. Linda saw his vague outline, and at first she hung perfectly motionless, hoping to escape his gaze. She had been told many times that grizzlies cannot climb, yet she had no desire to see him raging below her, reaching, possibly trying to shake her from the limb.

He didn't seem to see her. His eyes were lowered; besides, it was never the grizzly way to search the branches of a tree. The wind blew the message that he might have read clearly in the opposite direction. She saw him walk slowly across the snow, head lowered, a huge gray ghost in the snow flurries not one hundred feet distant. Then she saw him pause, with lowered head.

In the little second before the truth came to her, the bear had already turned. Bruce's tracks were somewhat dimmed in the snow, but the Killer interpreted them truly. She saw too late that he had crossed them, read their message, and now had turned into the cloudsof snow to trace them down.

For an instant she gazed at him in speechless horror; and already the flurries had almost obscured his gray figure. Desperately she tried to call his attention from the tracks. She called, then she rustled the branches as loudly as she could. But the noise of the wind obscured what sound she made, and the bear was already too absorbed in the hunt to turn and see her. As always, in the nearing presence of a foe, his rage grew upon him.

Sobbing, Linda swung down from the tree. She had no conscious plan of aid to her lover. She only had a blind instinct to seek him, to try to warn him of his danger, and at least to be with him at the death. The great tracks of the Killer, seemingly almost as long as her own arm, made a plain trail for her to follow. She too struck off into the storm-swept canyon.

* * * * * * *

And the forest gods who dwell somewhere in the region where the pine tops taper into the sky, and the night, the settings that change and raise the curtain and work the puppets that are the players of the wilderness dramas, saw a chance for a great and tragic jest in this strange chase over the snow. The destinies of Bruce, Linda and the Killer were already converging on this trail that all three followed —the path that the runaway horse made in the snow. Only one of the great forces of the wild had been leagued at Trail's End was lacking, and now he came also.

Simon Turner had ridden late into the night and from before dawn; with remorseless fury he had goaded on his exhausted horse, he had driven him with unpitying strength through coverts, over great rocks, down into rocky canyons in search of Bruce and Linda, and now, as the dawn broke, he thought that he had found them. He had suddenly come upon the tracks of Bruce's horse in the snow.

If he had encountered them farther back, when the animal had been galloping wildly, he might have guessed the truth and rejoiced. No man would attempt to ride a horse at a gallop through that trailless stretch. But at the point he found the tracks most of the horse's terror had been spent, and it was walking leisurely, sometimes lowering its head to crop off the shrubbery. The trail was comparatively fresh, too; or else the fast-falling snow would have already obscured it. He thought that his hour of triumph was near.

But it had come none too soon. And Simon—out of passion-filled eyes—looked and saw that it would likely bring death with it.

He realized his position fully. The storm was steadily developing into one of those terrible mountain blizzards in which, without shelter, no human being might live. He was far from his home, he had no blankets, and he could not find his way. Yet he would not have turned back if he could. The securing of the document by which Bruce could take the great estates from him was only a trifle now. He believed wholly within his own soul that the wilderness—without his aid—would do his work of hatred for him; and that his complete ruin in circumstances could Bruce and Linda find shelter from the blizzard and live through the day. He could find their bodies in the spring if he by any chance escaped himself, and take the Ross-Folger agreement from them. But it, was not enough. He wanted also to do the work of destruction.

Even his own death—if it were only delayed until his vengeance was wreaked—could not matter now. In all the ancient strife and fury and ceaseless war of the wild through which he had come, there was no passion to equal this. The Killer was content to let the wolf kill the fawn for him. The cougar will turn from its warm, newly slain prey, in which its white fangs have already dipped, at the sight of some great danger in the thickets. But Simon could not turn. Death lowered its wings upon him as well as upon his enemy, yet the fire in his heart and the fury in his brain shut out all thought of it.

He sprang off his horse better to examine the tracks, and then stood, half bent over, in the snow.

* * * * * * *

Bruce Folger headed swiftly up the trail that his enemy before him had made. It was, he thought, his last effort, and he gave his full strength to it. Weakened as he was by the cold and the wound, he could not have made headway at all except for the fact that the wind was behind him.

The snow ever fell faster, in larger flakes, and the track dimmed before his eyes. It was a losing game. Terrified not only by the horse that had stirred in the thicket but by the ever-increasing wind as well, the animal would not linger to be overtaken. Bruce had not ridden it enough to have tamed it, and his plan was to attempt to shoot the creature on sight, rather than try to catch it. They could not go forward, anyway, as long as the blizzard lasted. Which way was east and which west he could no longer guess. And with the blankets they might make some sort of shelter and keep life in their bodies until the snow ceased and they could find their way.

The cold was deepening, the storm was increasing in fury. Bruce's bones ached, his wounded arm felt numb and strange, the frost was getting into his lungs. There was no hope of the storm decreasing, rather it was steadily growing worse. The tracks grew more dim, and he began to be afraid that the falling flakes would obscure his own footprints, so that he could not find his way back to Linda. And he knew, beyond all other knowledge, that he wanted her with him when the shadows dropped down for good and all. He wanted her arms about him; the fight would be easier then.

"Oh, what's the use?" he suddenly said to the wind. "Why not give up and go back?"

He halted in the trail and started to turn. But at that instant a banner of wind swept down into his face, and the eddy of snow in front of him was brushed from his gaze. Just for a few spare seconds the canyon for a hundred feet distant was partially cleared of the blinding streamers of snow. And he uttered a long gasp when he saw, thirty yards distant and at the farthest reaches of his sight, the figure of a saddled horse.

His gun leaped to his shoulder, yet his eagerness did not cost him his self-control. He gazed quietly along the sights until he saw the animal's shoulder between them. His finger pressed back against the trigger.

The horse reeled down, seemingly instantly killed, and the snow swept in behind it to leave only a dim mound. Then he broke into a run and sped through the flurries toward his dead.

But it came about that there was other business for Bruce than the recovery of the blankets that he had supposed would be tied to the saddle. The snow was thick between, and he was within twenty feet of the animal's body before he glimpsed it clearly again. And he felt the first wave of wonder, the first promptings of the thought that the horse he had shot down was not his, but one that he had never seen before.

But there was no time for the thought to go fully home. Some one cried out—a strange, half-snarl of hatred and triumph that was almost lacking in all human quality—and a man's body leaped toward him from the thicket before which the horse had fallen. It was Simon, and Bruce had mistaken his horse for the one he had ridden.

Even in that instant crisis he did not forget that he had as yet neglected to expel the empty cartridge from the barrel of his rifle and to throw in the other from the magazine. He started to get the gun to his shoulder, working the lever at the same time. But Simon's leap was too fast for him. His strong hand seized the barrel of the gun and snatched it from his hands. He swung it around, threw it back, over his shoulder, and it fell softly in the snow. He waited, crouched.

The two men stood face to face at last. All things else were forgotten. The world they had known before—a world of sorrow and pleasures, of mountains and woods and homes—faded out and left no realities except each other's presence.

All about them were the great furries that their eyes could not penetrate, and it was as if they were two lone contestants on an otherwise uninhabited sphere who had come to grips at last. The falling snow gave the whole picture a curious tone of unreality and dimness.

Bruce straightened, and his face was of iron. "Well, Simon," he said. "You've come."

The gray eyes burned red through the snow. "Of course I would. Did you think you could escape me?"

"It didn't much matter whether I escaped you or not," Bruce answered rather quietly. "Neither one of us is going to escape the storm and the cold. I suppose you know that."

"I know that one of us is. Because one of us is going out—a more lasting way—forever. Which one that is doesn't much matter." His hands clasped. "Bruce, when I snatched your gun right now I could have done more. I could have sprung to the waist—taken by surprise. The fight would have been already over. I think I could have done more than that, even—with my own rifle as you came up. It's laying there, just beside the horse."

But Bruce didn't turn his eyes to look at it. He was waiting for the attack.

"I could have snatched your life just as well, but I wanted to wait," Simon went on. "I wanted to say a few words first, and wanted to master you—not by surprise—but by superior strength alone."

It came into Bruce's mind he could tell Simon of the wound near his shoulder, how because of it no fight between them would be a fair test of superiority. Yet the words didn't come to his lips. He could not ask mercy of this man, either directly or indirectly, any more than the pines asked mercy of the snows that covered them.

"You were right when you said there is no escaping from this storm," Simon went on. "But—it doesn't much matter. It's the end of a long war, and what happens to the victor is neither here nor there. It seems all the more fitting that we should meet just as we have—at the very brink of death—and Death should be waiting at the end for the one of us who survives. It's so like this d—d, terrible wilderness in which we live."

Bruce gazed in amazement. The dark and dreadful poetry of this man's nature was coming to the fore. The wind made a strange echo for his words—a long, wild shriek as it swept over the heads of the pines.

"Then why are you waiting?" Bruce asked.

"So you can understand everything. But I guess that time is here. There is to be no mercy at the end of this fight, Bruce; I ask none and will give none. You have waged a war against me, you have stripped me many times, you have won the love of the woman I love—and this is to be my answer." His voice dropped a note, and he spoke more quietly. "I'm going to kill you, Bruce."

"Then try it," Bruce answered steadily. "I'm in a hurry to go back to Linda."

Simon's smoldering wrath blazed up at the words. Both men seemed to spring at the same time. Their arms flailed, then interlocked; and they rocked a long time—back and forth in the snow.

For the first time Bruce had full realization of Simon's mighty strength. With all the power of his body he tried to wrench him off his feet, but it was like trying to tear a tree from the ground.

But surprise at the other's power was not confined to Bruce alone. Simon knew that he had an opponent worthy of the iron of his own muscles, and he put forth a terrible wrath into the battle. He tried to reach Bruce's throat, but the man's strong shoulder held the arm against his side. Simon's great hand reached to pin Bruce's arm, and for the first time he discovered the location of his weakness.

He saw the color sweep from Bruce's face and water drops that were not melted snow come from it. It was all the advantage needed between such evenly matched contestants. And Simon forgot his spoken word that he wished this fight to be a test of superiority alone. His fury swept over him like a flood and effaced all things else; and he centered his whole attack upon Bruce's wound.

In a moment he had him down, and he struck once into Bruce's white face with his terrible knuckles. The blow sent a strange sickness through the younger man's frame; and he tried vainly to struggle to his feet. "Fight! Fight on!" was the message his mind dispatched along his nerves to his tortured muscles, but for an instant they wholly refused to respond. They had endured too much. Total unconsciousness hovered above him, ready to descend.

Strangely, he seemed to know that Simon had crept from his position and was now standing some dreadful weapon that lay beside the dead form of the horse. In an instant he had it, and Bruce's eyes opened in time to see him swinging it aloft. It was the rifle, and Simon was aiming a murderous blow at him with its stock.

There was no chance to ward it off. No human skull could withstand its shattering impact.

But that spur of life and death in the far reaches of Trail's End was not to end so soon. At that instant there was an amazing intervention.

A great gray form came lunging out of the snow flurries. Their vision was limited to a few feet, and so fast the creature came, with such incredible, smashing power, that he was upon them in a breath. It was the Killer in the last glory of the charge; and he had caught up with them at last.

Bruce saw only his great figure looming just over him. Simon, with amazing agility, leaped to one side just in time, then battered down the rifle stock with all his strength. But the blow was not meant for Bruce. It struck where aimed—the great gray shoulder of the grizzly.

Then, dimmed and half-obscured by the snow flurries, there began as strange a battle as the great pines above them had ever beheld. The Killer's rage was upon him, and the blow at the shoulder had arrested his charge for a moment only. Then he wheeled, a snarling, fighting monster, with death for any living creature in the blow of his forearm, and lunged toward Simon again.

It was the Killer at his grandest. Simon had no chance to shoot his rifle. In the instant that he took aim in those great, clawed fangs would be upon him. He swung it as a club, striking again and again, dodging the sledge-hammer blows and springing aside in the second of the Killer's lunges. He was fighting for his life, and no eye could bemean that effort.

Simon himself seemed exalted, and for once it appeared that the grizzly had found an opponent worthy of his might. They were of one kind, and they seemed to understand each other. The lust and passion and fury of battle were upon them both.

The scene harked back to the young days of the world, when man and beast battled for dominance. Nothing had changed. The forest was fierce and silent, just the same. The elements warred against them from the clouds—that ancient persecution of which the wolf pack sings on the ridge at night, that endless strife that has made of existence a travail and a scourge. Man and beast and storm—those three great foes were arrayed the same as ever. Time swung backward a thousand thousand years.

The snow seemed to come from all directions in great clouds and furries and streamers, and time after time it wholly hid the contestants from

(Concluded next week).

Most Amazing Man of the Peace.

This title is given to Mr. H. T. Pickett because he certainly deserve it. Other men may have done more spectacular work in clearing up the Peace River, but no one took on a more unpleasant, risky assignment. It was Mr. Pickett who undertook to clear France and Belgium of the many ammunition dumps, areas of unlimited danger and terror to the people living near them, which were left behind by the armies after the Armistice. With £10,000 in hand he agreed to pay France £1,000,000 and Britain £2,000,000 for the right. Then he sold the scrap iron extracted from the dumps and paid off his debts by instalments. He engaged 10,000 laborers of all nationalities, and for a few years lived in the war area in a little world of his own, with his own police, and issuing even his own currency.

As a memento of his work he carries the scars of burns received from the exploded gas-shells. His little son, aged five, was listed as his partner.

Family Life on the Amazon.

Dr. William McGovern, the explorer and anthropologist, who recently returned to London after spending a year on the Amazon searching for hitherto undiscovered tribes, came across natives who had only heard of white men. Some were civilized tribes with culture, and had a political and religious organization of their own. Others were so wild and primitive that they had no houses, could not even swim, due no doubt to their abundance of water, and showed themselves higher than the animals by their use of fire. Dr. McGovern says some of the natives he visited think nothing of living 200 or 300 in one huge room. The centre of the room is used as a sort of common cooking-room, and the various families live on "allotments all round, the family allotment being big enough to contain a cemetery and the necessary number of hammocks to sleep in. The staple food of the natives is the mandioca—a sort of poisonous potato from which the poison is extracted by a complicated process of evaporation.

Flower Seed Industry.

The production of flower seeds has become an important industry in British Columbia, and it is steadily growing. Every year a greater quantity of seeds is shipped from British Columbia, and England in particular is coming to depend to a greater extent on the warm climate and rich soil of Vancouver Island for its supply of choice seeds which are featured by the best and oldest seed houses as their finest product. Millions of flowers blossoming all over England have generated from seeds produced in Canada, and the success in creating an ever greater and more insistent demand for the Dominion product and augmenting the Canadian industry.

Dehydrating Plant for B. C.

A proposal to construct a large dehydating plant, jam factory, and vinegar and cider mill at Kelowna, B.C., to take care of waste fruit products of the district is being considered by the municipal council.

RED DIAMONDS.

Curious Instance of Fault Worth More Than Perfection.

A red diamond weighing eighteen carats has lately been found on the Lichtenburg diamond fields in the Transvaal. Its lucky finder can be quite sure that it will fetch a high price, for the last red diamond, found at the Kimberley alluvial diggings in April last, weighed only six carats, and was worth $4,500.

Diamonds are found in all colors of the rainbow: blue, green, yellow; but red is the rarest hue of all. The red diamond is a curious instance of fault being worth more than perfection, since the red hue of these rare and valuable stones is entirely due to impurities imprisoned inside the diamond crystal.

Quite a small red diamond, part of the Russian Crown Jewels, has been valued at $75,000. The "Ram's Head," another famous red diamond, was from the Golconda Mines, which ceased working two centuries ago.

One thousand dollar a grain has been given for a perfect ruby-red diamond; but even $750 a carat, the price of the last one found at Kimberley, pales into insignificance when the $110 per carat realized by a large and almost perfect "white" diamond weighing 149½ carats, and found in the same mine recently, but great is the value connoisseurs attach to the "impure" red hue given by the imprisoned mineral substances.

Next to red diamonds in value rank stones with a blue tinge, of which the world's largest and most perfect example is the well-known "Hope" diamond, notorious for the ill-luck which has dogged its wearers. It came from India in 1642, and is of a deep sapphire blue.

Green diamonds are not so rare as blue or red. The biggest known green stone weighs 48½ carats and is rather paler than an emerald in color, is in the Dresden Museum.

COWBOY AND PARSON.

Rev. Sir Gerdlie Cave-Brown-Cave is the Hero of Boys of His Parish.

It is very seldom that the rector of a parish succeeds in being a hero to the adventure-loving small boys who form part of his charge. But the Rev. Sir Gerdlie Cave-Brown-Cave is the exception that proves the rule. He is not only respected as a clergyman; he is idolized as being, in real life, the hero of adventures such as every schoolboy dreams of, says an article in London Answers.

At sixteen Sir Gerdlie had been twice round the world. He has been soldier, sailor, big-game hunter, circus rider, lumberman, music hall "turn," and cowboy. And his Wild West experiences date to days when the West really was wild.

The record of his life, written by himself, which has just been published, is one of the most fascinating narratives of real life adventure ever penned.

Some of the episodes have a rich vein of humor. While still a minor he enlisted in the 15th Hussars, and was responsible for one of the most spectacular "hoaxes" in army history. As the result of a bet he succeeded in dismissing the guard, dismounting the sentries, and locking up the regimental barracks.

At last, however, he renounced his life of adventure for a more serious business—that of bringing others within the fold of the religion which had changed his own life. Following his conversion as the result of attending some Salvation Army meetings in New York, he undertook evangelical work, and finally took Holy Orders at the age of fifty-nine. Now he is rector of Londesborough, in Yorkshire.

THE PILCHARD.

Pilchard of Our Pacific Coast is Very Rich in Oil.

The true pilchard of the Mediterranean and the Atlantic coast of Northern Europe is also known as the sardine, a highly and justly prized fish, that can be had in the luxuries rather than among the ordinary food products of the sea. On our Pacific coast and off the coasts of Japan the pilchard is also abundant, another member of the herring family also called pilchard. Coming in from the Pacific and entering the Gulf of Georgia, the coast of British Columbia, vast schools remain along the coast for months and great catches are made. The average size of the fish is like herring, this pilchard is so rich in oil that it is not used as food. It is, however, largely turned to account in British Columbia. By means of cooking and machinery the oil is extracted and the residue is fish meal used for chicken and cattle feed and as a fertilizer. Fat pilchards will produce 60 gallons of oil per ton. The oil is light and clear and without strong odour. It is used for making oleomargarine, fine soaps, and varnishes. The oil will be shipped to Eastern Canada and Europe, and new sardine canning factories are being constructed by the Vancouver Harbor Board with a total capacity of 200,000 gallons.

BANFF, Scotland.

The curious shape of Banff was remarked upon by the principal of Aberdeen University, when opening the new secondary school at Buckie. Why a country 60 miles long should twice have its breadth squeezed to 2¾ and 2¾ miles respectively, he said, was a puzzle that had never been explained. On the whole map of Scotland there was no shire with so fine a neck and so slender a waist. It claimed parts of Aberdeenshire, the parish of St. Fergus, and parts of Cruden and Old Deer. Such a curious allocation of the boundaries was he believed, unmatched anywhere.

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CANADA'S WOOL CROP.

Clip for 1926 Estimated at Eleven Million Pounds.

The Canadian wool clip for 1926 can be estimated at about 11,000,000 pounds, as compared with 10,000,000 pounds for 1925, or an increase of about 10 per cent. This is only the result as removed from mature breeding sheep, and does not include any lambs or pulled wool. For the most part it has been tempered in good condition, and there is every indication that gradually a superior product is being put out by the growers of wool in the country. The well-known "Hope" diamond, notorious for the ill-luck which has dogged its wearers. It came from India in 1642, and is of a deep sapphire blue.

Green diamonds are not so rare as blue or red. The biggest known green stone weighs 48½ carats and is rather paler than an emerald in color, is in the Dresden Museum.

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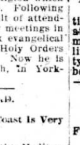

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E. J. POLLARD.

Editor and Proprietor

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IN THE DEPTHS

By MURIEL LEE

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The judge had given his charge and the jury had returned its verdict. The will of John Black, giving the bulk of his estate to Edward Rutan, was upheld. A chuckle of satisfaction escaped the lips of the fortunate legatee.

In strong contrast to his meanfaced, furtive-eyed half cousin, was Marvin Walters, who had been the heir at law until the will was discovered. Not for a moment did he doubt that the instrument produced by a relative whom John Black had abhorred was a base forgery. However, one of the witnesses to the will was produced, who swore to his signature. He had once been a servant of Black. The other alleged signature was that of Hugh Marston, who had at one time been an agent for the decedent. The whereabouts of this man could not be found, but several witnesses swore to his signature.

It was after eight o'clock in the evening and Walters faced a high wind accompanied by flitters of snow. What little means he possessed had been exhausted in litigation. He turned into the first pawnshop he came to, left his watch with the proprietor, took a street car and alighted at a transfer point. He stood waiting for a connecting car, scarcely noticing a little girl who crowded close to his side seeking shelter from the sinful wind, until just as the car approached she uttered a little cry.

"Be quick, the car is here!" spoke Walters, urging the child forward, by the arm.

"But I can't," wailed the child. "My transfer. The wind has blown it away. Oh, find it, please! please, for I have no money to pay a new fare and it is two miles to home."

Walters urged the child toward the car platform. "Never mind the transfer, little one," he said. "I'll attend to your fare."

The child looked up with wondering, grateful eyes as he led her to a seat in the warm, comfortable car. He scanned her fragile form and pinched wan face with sympathy and interest. His kindly act had won her confidence and she answered his questions clearly. She had been to a distance with a note for the keeper of the men's furnishing store for whom her mother had made neckties.

"Mamma asked him to send her some new work," said the child, "but he had none now, and she is sick, and we haven't any coal, and she hasn't got any money to get medicine. Won't you get her some?" the little prattler asked artlessly.

Because he had become one of the lowly and poorly himself, the man's heart went out to the distressed and unfortunate. He left the car with his tiny companion, and she took his hand confidingly and led him to a poorly-kept tenement building and to a room which she entered, with the glad cry:

"Oh, mamma! there is a man to work for you, but I've found a great friend who paid my fare, and is going to get you some medicine."

The room was sparsely furnished. Upon a bed lay a young woman of twenty-five. She turned dull, glazed eyes upon the child and her cheeks showed the presence of a burning fever. She uttered some feeble incoherent words.

"Your mamma is very ill," Walters told little Flora. "Is there not some woman neighbor who would come and attend to her?"

"There is the lady who rents this floor out, but she would want money to nurse anybody," replied the child.

Walters located the woman. He gave her some money, instructions to care for the sufferer and, learning that she had a furnished room to rent, took the apartment. It seemed a relief to forget his own troubles amid earnest interest in the more vital ones of others.

Slowly Alice Warren came back to consciousness to learn of the good Samaritan who had reached her threshold. Her beauty attracted Walters, and her sad story drew him closer into her life. She had been a father and a husband within the same year and had been left homeless.

Walters set at work to remodel his life, but before the month was out made a discovery which changed the whole aspect of affairs. He was seated in the room Mrs. Warren occupied one day when he chanced to pick up a book lying on the table. As he opened it a quick thrill permeated his frame. The owner's name was given on the fly leaf—"Hugh Marston."

"Where did you get this book, may I ask?" he questioned.

"It belonged to my father," was the reply.

"Is that his own handwriting?" pressed Walters, strangely moved.

"Yes. He died three years ago this August."

A sharp exclamation on the part of Walters caused the speaker to halt her speech. The next moment he was pouring forth the story of the will. Two facts were established. Hugh Marston had been dead six months before the date of the forged will which bore his alleged signature, and the handwriting in the will was not that of Hugh Marston, as his daughter could testify.

It did not take long to furnish proofs in court of the forgery and to gain restitution. Walters and Mrs. Warren had shared in adversity. It was followed by a happy married life and a comfortable old age.

The Oldest Game?

Invented in ancient Greece more than two thousand years ago, a game was exhibited recently in London consisting of fourteen small flat pieces of ebonite of various shapes which, when properly arranged, form pictures of—an elephant, an ostrich, a charging soldier, a hunting dog, and several other figures.

This game was probably used educationally for the purpose of observation or memory in children, and, although mentioned in ancient manuscripts, all traces of it had been lost for the last 1,500 years.

THE HOODED MERGANSERS.

Make Are Conspicuously Beautiful Birds In Their Spring Plumage.

The hooded mergansers are the least of a group of three members of the wild fowl family known as mergansers, the distinguishing feature of the tribe being a rather long, slender bill, armed with teeth, which indicates a fish diet; consequently, big and little sawbills are the names commonly given to them all. Dr. John Townson, the Toronto Globe's nature correspondent.

Outstanding features of all three mergansers are the shape of the bill and the hairlike composition of the feathers of the head; the crest of the hooded merganser being so great it seemed that it can be raised into the shape of a fan. All three males are conspicuously beautiful birds in their spring plumage, the colors of the smallest member of the group being not quite so showy as those of its two larger relatives; but, nevertheless, it is a handsome little duck.

Unlike its two larger relatives, the hooded merganser prefers to nest in the shallow ponds of the marshes, and in a fairly good table-land surrounding that shape. In this it may prejudice people against it. It is known to feed on the roots of aquatic plants, wild rice, and other seeds which make the marsh deeds such fine table birds.

The hooded merganser builds its nest in hollow trees or stumps throughout Northern Ontario and ranges as far north as Hudson Bay. The nest is built of grasses, leaves and moss, lined with the down from mother's breast. In the nest are laid from eight to ten buffy white eggs. The handsome male disports himself on lakes, while the female, who cares for the brood, carrying the young ones to the water in her bill.

The plumage of the male consists of a handsome semi-circular black crest, with fan-shaped patch of white on each side of the greenish-black head, upper parts chestnut-brown to brown on the lower back, finely waved with brownish red, and dusky on the sides; two cream-colored bands of black on the sides of the breast, bill bluish black, and eyes yellow. The female has a reddish-brown crest, the upper parts above, sides greyish brown, and the under parts white.

These mergansers winter in the Southern States, Cuba, and Mexico.

CANADA'S YOUNGEST BISHOP.

Rhodes Scholar Becomes Bishop of Calgary.

Once again Canada has reason to be proud of one of her Rhodes' scholars. The consecration of the Very Reverend Dean Sherman, whose Rhodes' scholarship dates back only to the year 1909, has recently culminated in his election to the Bishopric of Calgary, an important diocese in western Canada. He will be Canada's youngest bishop, as he is only forty years of age.

For a short time he was Dean of Quebec and rector of the beautiful old historical church in Canada's city of romance. Before that he was rector of Holy Trinity Church in Toronto for eight years, a church of genuine regret that Toronto saw him depart to his new field. His brief period of work in Quebec has always Quebec—as the result in revitalising the church-life there. Dean Sherman possesses some sort of magic touch that has brought new life to everything he undertakes, and his popularity is easily understood by say as the Quebec Chronicle.

He was born in Fredericton, N.B., and the tale runs that when he was four years old he announced to all and sundry that he was going to be a bishop. He graduated from the University of New Brunswick, then went to Lancing College, England, thence to Oxford as a Rhodes scholar. In Oxford he took his degree with theological honors, and was ordained by the Bishop of London. After a curacy at the Christ Church Oxford Mission he organized, under the direct authority of the Bishop of London, the New College Mission at Notting Hill, London—a real East London mission. Later he became Holy Trinity Church at St. John, N.B., as rector, and in 1917 he went to one of Toronto's oldest and most interesting churches — the Church of the Holy Trinity.

Now, from ancient Quebec, he goes to the new city of Calgary as the head of the diocese of Calgary. The prophecy of the four-year-old boy came true, and Dean Sherman will make good his boyish vow to be a very human person with a great zest for life and for his fellow-men. His meteoric career is exactly the sort we would expect from him, but he himself receives every new honor that is offered him with great surprise. "But there are such a lot of other men—" is his invariable remark.

Monarch of the Clouds.

The Medina, the first passenger and mail-carrying airship specially designed in England for the requirements of an air line, will be launched at Cowes shortly. It will be driven by two engines, each developing 450 horse-power, and it measures 80 feet, from one wing tip to the other.

Built to the specifications of Air Ministry, the new biplane provides accommodation for six passengers and 1,000 pounds of mail.

A unique feature of its construction is that the hull is made of only five lengths of slotted plywood, which gives it great strength combined with the minimum of weight. Two lengths, each 50 feet long, are used for the bottom, or keel, two for the sides, and one for the deck.

The comfort of passengers has been specially considered. The pilot's navigating cabin is a luxurious saloon with lounge seats.

Rubber Pavement.

Tests on rubber block pavement, laid one- and one-half years ago at the entrance to the Boston City Hospital, have shown marked advantages, says Science Magazine. In addition to having worn but little during the interval, it is pointed out, it has the advantage that snow and ice do not collect on it in winter, as on other types of pavement, thus doing away with slippery snow. The tests are also almost noiseless and vibrationless.

In Saskatchewan.

Farmers in Saskatchewan, in 1925, took in $425,806,480 from the sale of grain, field crops and live stock, according to R. W. Neely, statistician for the Provincial Department of Agriculture.

Eating More Eggs.

Canadians eat more eggs than they did five years ago.

Cinderellas In Real Life

When James A. Stillman, heir to the huge fortune of his father, the famous multi-millionaire, decided the other day to marry Miss Lena Wilson, an eighteen-year-old servant-girl in his mother's employment, he had a good answer ready for anyone who suggested that he might be taking a risk. He had merely to refer them to a number of romantic instances of marriages between wealthy masters and their maids which turned out to be remarkable successes.

Mr. Stillman's parents had no doubts on the matter. They avowed their satisfaction by buying the little Scottish girl whom their son has chosen for his bride an engagement ring worth $25,000.

Sir Gervase Clifton—a well-known man in his day—was so charmed with his first servant-girl bride that he married seven times, choosing his wife every time from his own kitchen. George Stephenson, the "Father of Railways," had a pretty Newcastle maid; while William Cobbett, a famous figure in English literature, married a girl who was born to work by the washing her doing the family washing in the street.

Perhaps the most notable instance of a happy romance between master and maid is that of Thomas Coutts, one of the famous British bank and the wealthiest man of his day, with Betty Starkey, a poor but pretty Scottish girl who had come to London to try her luck as a domestic servant. She entered the service of Thomas' elder brother, and the banker, a confirmed bachelor who had repelled the charms of many high-born women to capture his heart, soon fell a victim to her natural charm and sensible ways. He loved to sit with her in the kitchen to feast on her apple-pies, and enjoy her conversation, the humor and shrewd commonsense of which were such a contrast to the insincerity of the women with whom he was usually brought in contact.

When it was announced that Betty was to be his wife fashionable London was horrified. But Betty was more than equal to the occasion of her new position. George IV., then Prince of Wales, once said to her husband: "You're a lucky dog, Tom! I shall consider myself fortunate indeed if I get a wife as handsome, as good and as charming as Betty."

The great lady Hamilton, the most beautiful woman of her time, was a nursemaid in a doctor's household, when she decided to try her fortune in a wider world. But she was not promising. She exchanged her nursemaid's cap for the apron of a drudge in a greengrocer's family. Not for slight was her fashion called on her mistress and was so struck with the girl's looks that she engaged her as a companion and introduced her to a world of luxury beyond her dreams.

It was while in the company of the Hon. Charles Greville that she met Sir William Hamilton, the young man's uncle and British Ambassador to the Court of Naples, who fell frantically in love with her, took her to Naples, provided her with luxurious apartments near the Embassy, and squandered his wealth on her. When she went through the streets crowds thronged around her to catch a glimpse of her beauty and to see her smile. After a time they were married, and the greengrocer's drudge became Lady Hamilton.

Two years later she met Nelson. He, too, fell in love with her at first sight, and died at Trafalgar with his name on his lips. Then the end came. She sank into poverty and was even sent to prison for debt. But the record of her glory remains in the many portraits of her which the great artists of her day clamored to paint.

Another renowned beauty who began her career as maid-of-all-work was Mary Cole, the daughter of a Gloucester butcher, who married the Earl of Berkeley. When the earl first caught sight of her she was a servant to the wife of a local grocer.

The earl, it seemed, was a confirmed bachelor, but within a week of meeting her he had made up his mind to marry her. In less than a year she was installed in his castle and taking her place as mistress of it as wife of one of the richests peers. The marriage had been a secret one, and eleven years later, after four sons had been born to the earl and the butcher's daughter married again publicly.

When the earl died, however, it was discovered that several errors had crept into the records that had been kept of the first marriage, and the two sons born before the second marriage were debarred by the House of Lords from succeeding to the title.

Safety on Old Country Railways.

The possibility of a passenger being injured through mishaps to trains, rolling-stock, or permanent way on the railways of Great Britain in 1925 was 1 in 4,500,000, whilst for fatal accidents it was 1 in over 1,700,000,000.

No accidents were caused by the working of the London Underground trains; 210,000,000 passengers were carried on the railways of Great Britain, and the trains ran an aggregate of 14,182,000 miles.

Bobbed Venus.

The head of a Babylonian Venus, called the goddess of Heaven, and made of terra-cotta clay, with bobbed hair and a fringe, was among the discoveries of the last season on the site of the ancient city of Mispah, near Jerusalem, which was unearthed by William Frederick Bade, Dean of the Pacific School of Religion at Berkeley, California, who is a well-known archaeologist. Mr. Bade says, the city of Mispah must have been remarkably rich, for the richness of the city wall (16 feet) showed that the inhabitants had something of great value to protect. The wall dates back to 1500 B.C. In the southwest corner was found a citadel for defensive purposes, containing a pile of bare flint balls, such as might have been used by the Babylonian slingers. Within were copper arrow heads, spears and daggers.

Horse Hair for Violin Bows.

In Russia there are several farms where horses are bred for making violin bows from their hair.

COURT STORIES.

Tales Told by Fred. Payler in "Law Courts, Lawyers and Litigants."

One of the few examples of victory going to a layman in an argument with a legal opponent occurred in the course of an action concerning the sale of goods. The vicissitudes of a carpet were under inquiry, and the following dialogue took place between plaintiff and counsel:

Counsel: "There is no written agreement for the sale of a carpet."

Plaintiff: "Well, you don't have a written agreement when you buy a loaf."

Counsel: "You don't cover the floor with a loaf."

Plaintiff: "Neither do you eat a carpet."

This is one of the many tales Mr. Frederick Payler tells in his very entertaining book, "Law Courts, Lawyers and Litigants." Here are a few more:—

A certain King's Counsel outlined a particular argument. When Sir Robert Romer, one of the sitting judges, caught the drift of this, he hastily affixed his monocle in position, leaned forward, and looked intently at counsel, but uttered not a word. The effect was instant and decisive. Counsel paused, then observed: "Oh, well, if your lordship thinks like that [waving the papers] more to be said." And he sat down: the monocle had done as much as words could do.

In the Mr. Justice Jeff's court a counsel put the following question to a witness: "Was the wall of the room covered with wall paper?"

"What kind of paneling?"

"Wood—w.o.d."

One day Lord Hermand, the Scottish judge, had his attention attracted to a shuffling movement near the door of his court.

"What is the noise?" he asked.

"It's a man, my lord," said the usher.

"What does he want?"

"He wants to come in, my lord."

"Then keep him out."

By some means the man obtained admission, and the shuffling was renewed.

"What is that noise there?" demanded the judge.

"It's a one-leg man, my lord," replied the usher.

"What does he want?"

"He wants to get on, my lord."

"Then keep him in."

An incident in a divorce case presided over by Mr. Justice Horridge illustrates how slight is the line in some minds of the penalty for contempt. Counsel conducting an undefended suit questioned again his subpoenaed witness had flatly refused to attend because his wife objected, and had sent a note saying that he "preferred to risk the wrath of the judge to the wrath of his wife."

The dry humor of Sir John Lawrence is illustrated in the following story. A timid witness spoke in such a peculiar, jumpy, and faint voice that his counsel was impelled to ask the jury if he could hear what the witness was saying. "No," was the blunt answer, "and if he chooses to bleat like a sheep I don't care what he says."

Words of common use often cause entertaining incidents in the law courts. Counsel for some time in order defied satisfying definition than the expressions "gentleman" and "lady." He is a gentleman," said one witness of another, in an off-hand manner. "How do you define a gentleman?" asked counsel. "Well," was the reply, "he came here and took a big house, and went away without paying his creditors."

Another witness, in answer to the question whether the person whose character was under the searchlight was not a "ladylike person," said, "Oh, yes, she's a ladylike person enough. But she insults me terribly and uses fearful language. She threatened to bash my face in."

LIVE FURS FOR WOMEN.

London Woman Wears Lemur Around Her Neck.

A lemur that has just arrived from Madagascar was bought by a woman in London. When the chilly days started, she found that by wearing him round her neck he made a fine fur. The quaint animal slept soundly all the time, with his paws across her shoulders and his long, bushy tail hanging loosely over her coat.

One day, while wearing him, she went into Regent's Park and sat down. Her neighbor eyed her enviously and looked long at the neat little fur. She said it was the color of chestnut and saw that the eyes were closed. "A good idea, she thought; much better than ugly glass eyes.

While she was still looking at it, the fur suddenly jumped up and yawned, its fluffy tail waving like a feather fan. Then it began licking itself once or twice it settled down again round its owner's neck.

"It is probable," says an animal dealer, "that lemurs will be quite a craze this winter. They are excellent house pets and easy to feed. They eat ripe fruit, boiled rice and salad. A good lemur can be bought for about £20, and at present there is a great demand for them.

CARILLONS IN BRITAIN.

Clifford Ball Is the First Englishman to Get Belgian Diploma.

That there is something like a revival of the art of campanology is shown by the increasing number of carillons in England, Australia, Canada, and the United States, and it is of interest to learn that an Englishman has taken a diploma, with honors, at the National School of Carillon Playing at Malines, Belgium, the country which is the home of the carillon. This is Mr. Clifford Ball, Mus. Bac., who has appointed carilloneur to the Bournville Village Trust in October, 1924.

The school, the only one in the world—is a state-supported institution, the object of which is to provide efficient carillonneurs and good carillons. Mr. Ball has undertaken various courses of study at the school, and he is the first Englishman—in fact, the first man outside of Belgium, with the exception of one Dutchman —to be so distinguished by the Jury.

His playing was described as steady and even, and in this respect better than that of any other candidate. The excellence of his tone and rhythm was also commented on. Since his appointment at Bournville Mr. Ball's recitals on the famous carillon in the tower of the village assembly hall have attracted crowds, and he has played also on other leading instruments in England and on the Continent of Europe.

Communists' New Boss

While Lenin lived, and particularly toward the close of his career, he was the boss of the Communist party of Russia, which is another way of saying that he was the boss of Russia, says an article in the Toronto Mail and Empire. In the earlier part of his regime and after his death Lenin had no boss, but several bosses, of whom the best known outside was Trotsky. Now again Russia has a boss in Joseph Stalin. He has had to overcome rivals and crush them. This he has contrived rather adroitly by turning them against each other. Death finally removed Lenin as a rival. Now Trotsky, Zinoviev and Kameneff have submitted to Stalin, and his authority is not directly questioned, although a minority in the Communist party clings to the idea that he is not leading the party to the goal pointed out by Lenin. The Georgian triumvirate has not recanted its obnoxious opinions, but it has ceased, for the time being at any rate, to fight Stalin. It has not the power or strength between himself and his rivals Stalin has proved that his name, which formerly signified nothing but wine, its bearer decided that it would suit him better than whatever was the original Georgian name he applied on him at birth. For Stalin is a Georgian, just as Djerjinsky was a Pole. Lenin said of both of them that they were the two most able men in the Pope, meaning that they were more great Russian nationalists than the Russians themselves.

Stalin's father was a cobbler, and his mother a woman of strong religious belief, and dominated the household. He applied himself there to such purposes that at the age of nineteen he emerged, not precisely as a cobbler, for he had forsaken his father's trade, but as a theological student

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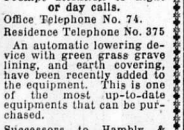

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PERSONALS

(All our readers are cordially invited to hand in, or send in, any news they may have for this column).

Mr. Jake Fretts, Detroit, is in Napanee for Christmas.

Mrs. A. G. Laidley, Kingston, is the guest of Miss Bryers.

Mrs. Will Kimmerly is spending the winter in Watertown.

Miss Alma Wales is home from Toronto University for the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Reid are spending the holidays in Toronto and London.

Mrs. Burritt is spending Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. D. C. McNaughton, Montreal.

Mr. Geo. Perry has returned home for a few weeks, after spending the summer on the Great Lakes.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Seymour and family are spending Christmas in Toronto with his brother-in-law, Mr. J. Lear.

Mr. and Mrs. B. Seymour are spending Christmas in Montreal with their uncle, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Jay.

Dr. Morden, principal of the Collegiate Institute, left on Tuesday last for England, where he will spend a few weeks.

Mr. Allan Walters is home from Toronto to spend the holidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Walters.

Mrs. Ferguson Card and son, Earl, Leslyville, are spending Christmas with relatives in this County.

Mr. Clarence Price, Toronto, is visiting his mother, Mrs. Reginald Price, Wesley.

Rev. J. H. H. Coleman is confined to his home and was unable to take the service in St. Mary Magdalene church on Sunday evening.

Mr. F. Jas. Roblin, was in Belleville, on Tuesday, attending the funeral of the late J. J. Haines.

Miss Frances Coleman, Toronto is visiting her parents at the Vicarage.

Mr. Wallace Perry returned this week from Western Canada, where he has been spending several months.

Mr. Ephriam McLaughlin, is progressing very nicely in Kingston Hospital.

Messrs. James Naphin and Fred Bentley have returned to Napanee and secured positions with the Gibbard Furniture Shops.

Mrs. John Lowry and Mrs. E. J. Pollard wish to thank their many friends and neighbors for kindnesses received during Mrs. Lowry's recent illness.

Mr. George H. Thompson, a former employee of the Haines Shoe Store, Napanee, was married in Los Angeles, Ca., to Mrs. Clara Kennedy De La Vergne, on Thursday, Nov. 18th.

Miss Helen VanLuven left on Wednesday noon to spend the holidays with her sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. John Wilber Jenkins, in Raleigh, North Carolina. She spent a short time with friends in New York, leaving there Saturday afternoon.

BIRTHS

Nesbitt—At Port Arthur, on Tuesday, Dec. 14th, 1926, to Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Nesbitt, (nee Winnifred Craig), a son.

MARRIAGES

Shetlor — Spearing — At the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Spearing, South Fredericksburgh, on Saturday, Dec. 18th, 1926, by Rev. W. G. Swayne, Ethel Spearing to Donald Shetlor, only son of Mr. Matt. Shetlor.

DEATHS

Davern—At Adolphustown, on Sunday, Dec. 19th, 1926, Daniel Davern, aged 83 years.

Thompson—At Napanee, on Friday, December 17th, 1926, Abbie Thompson, beloved husband of Sara Helena Mills.

Williams—At Napanee, on Friday, Dec. 17th, 1926, Mary Hawley, widow of the late G. H. Williams.

Wagar—At Napanee, on Saturday, Dec. 18th, 1926, George Gordon Wagar, aged 15 years, 9 months.

IN MEMORIAM.

In loving memory of Arthur Plumley who died December 24th, 1917.

There is someone who misses you sadly,
But try to be brave and content,
For you were mine, I remember,
If the rest of the world forgets.
Wife & Son.

THE MIGHTY GOD.

"Unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given; and the government shall be upon His shoulders"; and His name shall be called Wonderful, Councellor, the mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace! Of the increase of His government and peace there shall be no end," Isaiah 9 : 6, 7 : "In the beginning was the Word (Jesus) and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. All things were made by Him," John 1 : 1, 3 : "He ws in the world and the world was made by Him, and the world knew Him not. He (Jesus) came unto His own and His own received Him not. But as many as received Him, to them He gave power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name," John 1 : 10, 11, 12.

I'm pressing on the upward way,
New heights I'm gaining every day,
Still praying as I onward bound,
Lord plant my feet on higher ground.

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WILSON'S HARDWARE.

ARE YOU THAT KIND OF A DRIVER?

BY ERWIN GREER
(President Greer College of Automotive and Electrical Trades, Chicago, Ill.)

Be good to your car, and indirectly, you will be good to yourself. This means three things: Law observance, courtesy and consideration for your car.

Many of us have seen the numeral "40" on our speedometers, and the law was broken each time this occurred. Everyone swears they give a hand signal with religious scrupulousness, but there are many times when these are entirely forgotten in the stress of other things at the corner. And such signals as most of them are! If the engine ran as raggedly as signals are given, we would all be pedestrians by preference.

Cars are occasionally overtaken and passed on the right hand side, and the performance never fails to cause inconvenience. This practice is illegal, dangerous and decidedly discourteous. When you come to a busy intersection, give the other fellow a chance. Perhaps he was there first. When you overtake and pass a car, don't suddenly slow down and force the driver behind you to ride his brakes to prevent mixing his radiator cap with with your spare tire. If you have to slow up after passing a car you shouldn't have passed it. When there is a delay in traffic ahead, and a line of cars has formed, consider the delay as unavoidable and don't be the ill-mannered yokel who holds down the horn button, or he that drives around the side of the line.

The useful work your engine does when driving on a level road is to overcome mechanical friction and wind resistance. Both these factors increase very rapidly as you increase your speed, which indicates that the slower you go, the less gasoline will be used per mile traveled. However at slow speeds, the efficiency of the engine is not as good as at higher speeds. There is, therefore, an optimum speed of about twenty-five miles per hour, at which the best mileage will be obtained. Driving with the hand throttle on long open stretches is also conductive to good mileage, as it allows the engine to operate more uniformly than when your foot, responding to every slight jar, constantly moves the throttle. If you now do thirty-five or better, whenever you can, you will enjoy an increase in gasoline mileage of from two to four miles per gallon by consistently driving between twenty-five and thirty, and you will be surprised to find that you can reach your destination in almost the same driving time.

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Christmas, Childhood's Fondest Dreams

What memories it brings to us whom the years have passed by—whose hair perhaps is sprinkled with a bit o' grey—but whose hearts are ever youthful through the glorious Yuletide season. Let's all be little tots for just a happy moment and let us remember the Christmas way back when we just couldn't wait for the day to dawn. Remember how we counted the days and even the hours 'till the night before—how excited we were when the Xmas tree was brought from the woods and majestically installed in our home,—how wonderful it looked when decorated with candles, glistening ornaments and pop corn—how eagerly and excitedly we hung our stocking by the fireside and then in all too short a time Mother hurried us off to bed and when tucking us under the covers how she would admonish us to keep real quiet or Santa wouldn't leave anything.

Time has passed those joyous moments on to other generations. No Christmas may ever be so great again as were those of our childhood days, none ever so replete with expectations and wonder. We who are older find that Christmas has a more significant meaning. We read of the first Christmas of all, the Christmas that dawned with a celestial glory over Bethlehem long, long ago. For this Day gave to the empty, waiting world the gift of love.

So at this Christmas season let us spread love and good cheer where'er we can and let us extend the Yuletide spirit to all mankind in the fulfilment of the first great Christmas message of "Peace on Earth, Good-will toward men."

Not from mere custom, but as one with you personally encountering much of the same difficulties and enjoying much of the same pleasures in life, this store at this Yuletide season extends to its customers, best wishes for a Merry Xmas and a New Year packed with prosperity.

The Robinson Company, Limited — Napanee's Greatest Store.

Choose Your Last Minute "Toy" Requirements At ROBINSON'S

We purposely planned to have generous assortments for shoppers who couldn't come earlier.

Reinforcements, every day by nearly every express, make our toy stock wonderfully complete and surprisingly varied.

See our toys that teach, toys that actually work, toys that go over land and on water, toys for building all sorts of things (Mecanno setts), express trains, fire engines, indoor ball games.

See our splendid collection of interesting books—our big assemblage of dolls of all ages, sizes and complexions.

Note these suggestions we have grouped at various prices from Toy-land.

Toys and Games
Priced at 25c. Each.

Jumping frogs.
Horns.
Dolls.
Pucks.
Brooms.
Shovels.
Hockey Sticks.
Wrist Watches.
Musical cushions.
Games,

Toys and Games
Priced 40c. to 50c. Each.

Checkers.
Motors.
Lotto.
Games.
Banks.
Fighters.
Baby plates.
Railways.
Jumping dog.
Magic lanterns.

Toys and Games
Priced 75c. to $1.00 Each.

Trains.
Musical Toys.
Climbing fireman.
Motor boats.
Ring Toss.
Ping-Pong.
Carts.
Racing game.
Dolls.
Sandy toys.

Toys and Games
Priced from $1.25 to $5 Each.

Mecanno.
Engines.
Trains.
Electric Trains.
Drums.
Games.
Motors.
Baseball games.
Crokinole.
Bonspiel.

Store will be Open
Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday Evenings from 7.30 to 9 o'clock
Will be closed from 6 to 7.30 each evening during supper hour.

Here also are Gift Suggestions
Garnered from the various departments about the store, embracing gifts for every member of the family and for the home

Gifts for Grandmother

Heavyweight kimonos, $5.50 to $8.50
Flannelette gowns, $1.00 to $1.75
Sweater Coats, $2.75 to $6.95
Warm Fleece Underskirts, 95c. each
Bissell Carpet Sweeper, $5.50, $6.50
Folding Card Tables, $3.50.
All wool Hosiery, 75c. to $1.50 pair
Handkerchiefs, 15c. to $1.00

Gifts for Mother

Beautiful Fur Coat, $100 to $425
Crepe and Georgette Scarfs, $1.00 to $3.50
Rayon Silk Kimonos, $4.50
Handmade Buffet Setts, $1.75, $2.00
Handmade Linen Bridge Setts, $3.25
Silk Hosiery, $1.00 to $2.50 pair
Silk Vests and Bloomers, $2.50 to $4.25 sett
Leather Hand Bags, $1.98 to $5.75 each.

Gifts for Bachelor Sister

Rayon Silk Pyjamas, $6.00
Rayon Silk Gowns, $3.50, $3.75
Boxed Stationery from France, 50c. to $1.75.
Wigwam Indian Windbreakers, $8.50
Fancy Atomizers, $1.00 to $3.95
Perfume Droppers, 25c. to $3.95.
Novelty China Powder Boxes, 50c. to $2.95
Silk Gloves, wool lined, $1.25 pair

Gifts for School Girls

Woollen Windbreakers, $3.49 each
Heavy Sport Pullovers, $2.50 to $4.00
Serge Gymnasium Bloomers, $3.50
Pleated Serge Middy Skirts, $1.75
School Middies, $2.00 to $3.95
Brushed Wool Gloves, 75c. to $1 pair
Boxed Handkerchiefs, 50c., 95c., $1.00 box
Silk innerlined Hose, $2.50 pair

Gifts for the Baby

Iceland Lamb Carriage Pockets $6.50 each
Knitted Wool Carriage Blankets, $2.83
White Wool Leggings, $1.50 to $2.79
Wool Bonnets, $1.00, $1.19
Wool Scarfs to match, $1.00
Baby Jumper, with safely spring, $1.95
Wool Mittees, 39c., 50c.
Silk Bibs, 50c.

Gifts for Girl Friends

Lace-trimmed Brassieres, $1.25 to $5.00
Rayon Silk Vests, $1.00, $1.25, $1.50
Wool Sport Hose, 79c., $1.00, $1.25, $1.50, $1.75
Corsage Flowers, 50c. to $2.00
Under Hose, 75c.
Chamoisette and Kid Gloves, 79c., $1.00, $1.50
Handkerchiefs, 3 for 25c., to $1.50 each
Umbrellas, $1.95 to $7.50

Save Time and Worry by doing Your Xmas Shopping at Robinson's — Open Evenings

Gifts for Grandfather

Fancy Shaving Outfit, $2.95
Nickle pipe rest, with match holder, $2.75
Winter Cap, $1.00 to $2.50
Sweater Coat, $2.50 to $7.35
A Wool Scarf, $1.25, $1.50
Pair Warm Mitts, $2.00
Wolsey Hose, 75c. pair
Warm Suit of Underwear

Gifts for Dad

Warm Fur Coat, $47.50
Sweater Coat, $2.50 to $7.35
Fine Wool Sox, 50c. to $1.00
Lined Gloves $1.75 to $4.75
Eastern Kling Klose Cap, $1.00 to $2.00
Wool Scarf, $1.25, $1.50
Linen Handkerchiefs, 25c., 40c., 50c.
Neckwear, up to $1.50

Gifts for Big Brother

Fancy Ash Trays in setts or individuals, 35c. to $2.95
Novelty Cigarette Holders, $2.00 each
Windbreaker, $3.50 to $7.50
Fancy Pullover Sweater, $3.50 to $5.00
A Natty Cap, up to $2.50
Garter and Cigarette Holder, $1.25 sett
A Biltmore Hat, $5.00
Unlined Gloves up to $3.00

Gifts for Teen Age Boys

A Toque, 50c. to 75c.
Sweater Coat, $1.25 to $3.50
Fancy Jersey, $1.25 to $2.50
Flannelette Pyjamas, $1.75
Flannelette Nightrobe, $1.25
Windbreaker, $3.29
Fancy Pullover Sweater $2.95
Winter Cap, $1.00

Gifts for Little Brother

Hockey Sticks and Pucks, 25c.
Braces, 25c., 35c., 39c.
Wool Mitts, 39c., 50c.
Toques, 50c., 75c.
Fancy Jerseys, $1.25 to $2.00
A "Bobby Lee" Cap, $1.00
Combination Wool Setts, Toque, Mitts and Stockings, $1.25 sett

Gifts for the Home

Kenwood Wool Blankets, $8.50, $9.75 ea.
Fancy colored Bedspreads, $2.95 to $7.50
All linen Damask Setts, $12 to $25 sett
Linen Luncheon Setts, $1.95 to $3.95 sett
Turkish Towels, in assorted colors, $1.25, $1.50 pair.
Fancy Turkish Towel Setts, 75c. to $1.25 sett
Eureka Electric Cleaner and attachments $65.00
Dinner Setts, 97 peices, $22.50 sett

Quality, Service, Value.

THE ROBINSON CO. LIMITED

We close at 10 p.m. Saturdays. Other days at 5.30 p.m.